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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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THE SONGS THEY USED TO SING

I kinder like the old songs,
The songs I used to know
In the dear old country village,
Of the dear old long ago.
I kinder like the music of
Ben Bolt and other tunes
They sung among the cedars
In the scented, amorous Junes
When the corn began to tassel;
When the lazy summer breeze
Shook the perfume from the flowers
As it filtered through the trees,
With the sunlight of the season
Glinting where the grasses spread,
Where the roses fell in clusters,
Blushing sweetly, deeply red—
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,
The kind they used to sing
When life was like a primrose
Just bursting in the spring.

I kinder like the old songs
Heard on the old play ground—
King William was King James' son,
Just swinging 'round and 'round
Bowing to the east sometimes,
And sometimes to the west—
And I used to pick a sweetheart,
The one I loved the best,
And while they just kept circling
'Round, in pretty, childish bliss,
I knelt beside the lassie there,
And stole the first sweet kiss—
I'd like to sing King William now,
Just like I used to sing,
When life was like a primrose
Just bursting inthe spring.

Somehow I like the old songs—
Yes, The Maple on the Hill,
Some Twenty Years Ago, Tom,
And dear old Whippoorwill;
And Starry Night for Ramble,
And Coming Through the Rye,
And other dear old melodies,
They sung to you and I—
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,
The kind they used to sing
When life was like a primrose
Just bursting into spring.

O, how I love the old songs
I heard at mother's knee,
The sweet, entrancing melodies
She used to sing to me!
The dear old funny Frog song—
Miss Mousie by his side—
And the song of Old Aunt Nancy,
The old gray goose that died,
And the songs about the foxes,
And the things the foxes stole—
O, the mellowing cadences!
How they stir a fellow's soul!
Ah, yes, I like the old songs,
The kind they used to sing
When life was like a primrose
Just bursting into spring.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE FAIREST GIFT.

If I might give the world one gift,
And choose it as I pleased; it through
Some miracle 'twere mine to lift
A hand and thereby set a new
Condition over men, I would not strew
Before them riches that they seek to-day,
I would not be induced to sweep away
One task that God has given them to do.

I would not make the dark ways fair,
Nor curb the bitter winds that blow,
Nor deck the streams with lilies where
The angry, muddy waters flow;
I would not bring the lordly masters low,
Nor raise the servant up who cringes now,
Ho that is plowing still should guide the plow,
Tears still should wash away the widow's woe.

I would not heed his bitter cry
Who calls upon the poor to wrest
From them whose palace walls the high
Gold for the starving and oppressed,
But he that has within his honest breast
The fear that Wrong is spreading here below
I would with glad conviction give to know
That God's world still is rising to its best.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

TO SIXTEEN.

Who could believe, my little queen,
So many years were thine—sixteen!
That sifting on thy head their gold
So many moons had o'er thee rolled!
And more appalling than thine age,
Is that in all this waste of years—
So saidst thou, and with smiles, not tears,
Years that diplomas might have earned,
The love as yet thou hast not learned.
What, sixteen years! Were it a week!
But in less time have girls learned Greek;
And in less time have eyes less blue
Won hearts, yes, worlds—and lost them, too.

In half the years that thou hast told
And not half trying, I've grown old,
If learned thou hast not, I, ah, true,
Have not forgot what once I knew.
Let me then straight thy teacher be—
Since I can nothing learn of thee.
—Scribner's Magazine.

DETERMINED TO SEE IT.

A Woman's Ingenious Ruse to Secure Admission to a Wedding.

It is not an easy matter to keep a woman from a funeral or a wedding, especially the latter, if it be a fashionable function, relates a Paris correspondent of London Truth. The recent marriage of the Count de Flers and Mlle. Genevieve Sardou was a tremendous affair in Paris, and at least two persons claimed every available seat in the church where the happy pair became one. Just as the ceremony was about to begin a handsomely dressed woman forced her way through the crowd at the door and was about to step aside when the steward on guard there barred her progress, saying:

"It is impossible to let you in, madam. Every seat is occupied."

"That may be," replied the lady in a very confident tone, "but you will find, if you inquire, that there is still room for me."

"Who are you, then, madam?" asked the steward.

"I am the widow of General Galliffet," she replied.

The steward saluted the lady with an apologetic bow and showed her to a good viewing point inside, expressing regret that to provide a seat was impossible. On returning to the door he was reminded that General Galliffet is very much alive, and that he is, moreover, a widower.

Corrected.

"Hush! It is wrong to say any one is "going straight to the devil.'"

"That's so. You have to be crooked to go there."—Philadelphia Press.

TOOK HER CREWS TO DEATH.

The old and decaying hulk of a boat lying at the abandoned fort near New Orleans recalls a tragedy of the war of the rebellion that may contain a lesson at the present time when naval constructors are manifesting so keen an interest in submarine vessels of war. The wreck is the counterpart of the David, which was the first submarine boat that ever accomplished the purpose for which it was built. But there was a great sacrifice of lives before the aim of the designers was achieved. The hulk that is now an object of great curiosity at the old fort was constructed there when New Orleans fell before Farragut, and to save its design it was rolled into the bayou nearby.

The tale of the David is like this hulk—almost gone. It was only an incident in the great war and finds no place but that of an occasional footnote in the history, though it was the beginning of a mode of warfare that to-day threatens to make the ironclad useless.

The Divid was of the accustomed cigar-shape—in appearance almost identical with the present day Holland, says the New York Tribune. It was thirty-five feet long and built of boiler iron. The propulsion was by hand. The crew consisted of nine men—eight to grind the propeller and one to steer. It dragged its torpedo after it, unlike the Holland, which fires it.

As soon as the David was launched Lieutenant Paine volunteered to command her in an attack upon the federal fleet in Charleston harbor, reinforced by numerous launches that had been fitted out by the confederates. The first crew had just entered the boat and had not yet closed the little round top in the conning tower when the swells from a passing steamer washed in and sunk the boat. She went down with all hands, save the lieutenant, who, being in the tower, ready to steer the boat, escaped.

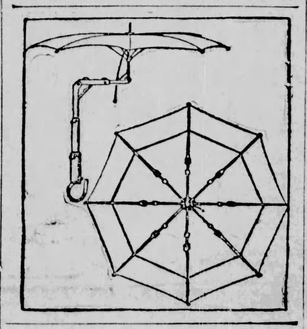
The David was raised and Lieutenant Paine again volunteered. While lying near Fort Sumter, preparing for a start, she capsized. Six of her crew were drowned. Then Mr. Aunley, one of her designers, believing he could manage the diver, took her command and went for a trial trip up the Cooper river. When submerged at great depth it is supposed she could not be steered up and that the air supply, which would last only thirty minutes, gave out. The boat was dredged for and found with nine dead men within. And still a fourth crew volunteered. Lieutenant Dixon of the Twenty-first Mobile volunteers commanding.

It was just after dark on February 17 that the lookout on the Housatonic on the outer line of the blockade, described a small cylindrical object a few hundred yards away. He hailed it, but there was no reply. On it came. He sounded the call to quarters. The object was then within the range of the guns. Rifles and pistols were turned loose upon it. On it came. A few yards from the Housatonic it tilted forward and disappeared. An object like a barrel rushed on in its wake. The object struck the Housatonic. Simultaneously came an awful explosion. The Housatonic reeled and pitched and sank. The crew—most of them—were rescued from the rigging by the small boats from the other ships of the fleet.

The David? She had dived her last; never came to the surface. It is assumed she was beyond the effect of the explosion when it occurred, but, as on previous attempts, could not be steered again to the top—not even long enough to see that her purpose was achieved.

FOLDING UMBRELLA FOR BICYCLERS

Elma Etta Morrison, residing at Anthony, Florida, has been granted a patent on the folding umbrella shown in the illustration, the invention being intended



principally for cyclers' use. When an ordinary umbrella is attached to the head of a wheel it is either too far forward to afford much protection or else lies in a slanting position. In the new umbrella this fault is overcome by the double angle formed in the handle, the elbows being strengthened by jointed braces to support the frame as rigidly as a straight stick. The lower portion of the handle is in three telescoping sections, and at the lower end is a steel clamping band by which the umbrella is attached to the handlebar of the bicycle. The telescoping sections of the handle are securely fastened in an extended position by means of pins running through eyelets, the pins being secured by small chains to prevent loss. The ribs are jointed near the center, the inner ends being attached to the stick in the usual manner, while the outer section of each rib overlaps past the joint far enough to allow a sliding collar to secure it to the inner section. The clips are all connected by cords which join together near the stick and form a single rope extending down within reach of the rider, which enables him to close the ribs and fold the umbrella by a pull on the cord, the braces having been previously lowered on the stick to allow the ribs to drop when the cover and ribs fold through the center. With the telescoping handle and jointed ribs the umbrella can be folded into small compass and suspended below the bar by loosening the clamping band.

JESTS FROM JUDGE.

ON THE COAST OF MAINE.

Newcomer—"I don't see how you ever stand bathing in this icy sea.

Old Stager—We wear sealskin bathing suits.

HE TOOK IT INWARDLY.

Mrs. Haymow—What ails ye, Josiah?

Josiah (painfully)—I heered someone say that salt water was a rattling good tonic, so I drank about a quart, an' hang it if I don't feel worser'n I did before!

JOYFUL NEWS.

Sailing Master—Better not go out sailing, young ladies—there's a heavy swell, and——"

Chorus of Young Ladies—Oh, mercy! Where is he?

HOW IT LOOKED.

Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Jones says their butler has been with the family for years.

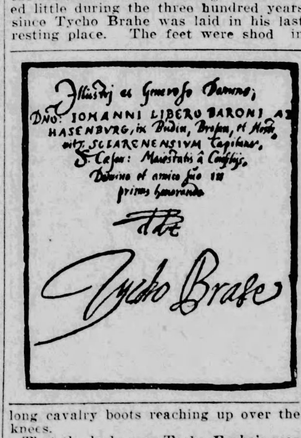
Mr. Brown—Indeed! He must be a relative.

HIS BODY PERFECT AFTER 300 YEARS

On the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of Tycho Brahe's death, which occurred a few days ago, the Prague town council decided to exhume the remains of the celebrated astronomer, which were in the Teyn church, of that city, and to bury them anew. First the stone block on the monument, which bears a full length effigy of the astronomer, was lifted, and, on removing the stones of a semi-collapsed arch beneath it, two mouldering coffins were seen.

Workmen with candles then descended into the vault and removed the debris from the coffins, the wood of which was quite rotten and fell to pieces at every rough touch. When the lid of the first coffin was removed a surprising sight met the eye, for the body in the coffin was a wonderful likeness of the effigy on the monument.

The head was slightly turned to one side, and the bones of the face and peaked Spanish beard were well preserved. On the head was a skull cap and around the neck was a Spanish ruff, which, like the remainder of the clothing, had suffered little during the three hundred years since Tycho Brahe was laid in his last resting place. The feet were shod in



long cavalry boots reaching up over the knees.

That the body was Tycho Brahe's was also seen from the absence of the nose, for Tycho lost this organ in a duel and wore a silver one in its place.—New York Herald.

Shrewd.

Mr. Timmins—What are you doing now, dear?

Mrs. Timmins—I'm writing to the Smiths asking them to dinner to meet the Joneses, and to the Joneses asking them to meet the Smiths. We owe them both dinners, you know.

Mr. Timmins—But I've heard they've quarrelled and don't speak.

Mrs. Timmins—I know that. They will refuse and we needn't give a dinner party at all.—Boston Herald.

Order Countermanded.

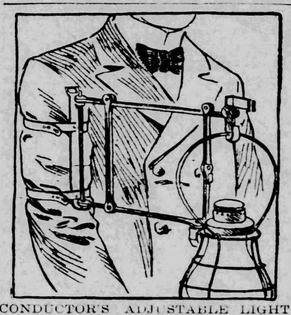
Foreman (job office)—"What are you working at now?"

Boy—Runnin' off some business cards of a young woman who wants to do mending for gents and families."

Foreman—"Didn't you get word not to print 'em? The order is countermanded. Quick as the boss saw that girl's card he rushed off and married her."—London Fun.

SUPPORT FOR LANTERN FOR CONDUCTORS

While the invention shown in the cut has been designed principally for the use of railway conductors in examining tickets at night, yet it may be utilized to advantage by persons who must have their hands free for carrying packages or for doing other work. The arrangement consists of a frame of metal rods, which are hinged together to allow the lantern to be tilted in any desired direction so as to impede the work to the smallest degree. This frame is attached to the arm by two straps, which pass



CONDUCTOR'S ADJUSTABLE LIGHT CARRIER.

around a curved plate at the rear of the frame. The straps are of spring metal, having several eyelets for varying the adjustment. While this arrangement in use by the brakeman he will have both hands free to assist passengers in getting on and off trains, and yet the spring clamps allow the light to be instantly detached for waving a signal, Shedrick Holmes, of Brunswick, Ga., is the patentee.

AUTOMATIC DEVICE FOR MAIL SERVICE

Below is illustrated a rather ingenious arrangement for automatically delivering and collecting mail matter throughout the various streets of a city. The in-

DELIVERS AND COLLECTS.

vention contemplates the sorting of the mail for individuals at the post office, placing it in compartments in the carrier, attaching the carrier to the motor-containing hood and causing the electric current to drive the conveyor successively to the letter boxes along the line of the track, delivering the proper mail at each box and collecting whatever mail matter has been deposited in the receiving box. This is all accomplished automatically after the conveyor has been started on its rounds, each car being provided with pockets for the reception of the mail matter, with corresponding slots in the stations to drop the mail into the proper box for each subscriber. In conjunction with the receiving slot is a box suspended on a pulley, with means for elevating the box and dropping the matter into the car as it stops at the station. As the receiving box falls into its place again the car resumes its journey to the next box, passing through the swinging doors at the top of the station as it travels along. The line may also be used for an express service between the main postoffice and branches. Geo. A. Owen, of Springfield, Mass., is the inventor.

Mixed Their Metaphors.

Few things are more joyous to an audience than the mixed metaphors of an orator. The Irish race is famous for its contributions to merriment in this particular. The Academy gives three illustrations:

"You are," said a late lord mayor of Dublin, "standing on the edgs of a precipice that will be a weight on your necks all the rest of your days."

"The young men of England," remarked an English clergyman, "are the backbone of the British empire. What we must do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."

And this is from a member of parliament:

"Even if you carried these peddling little reforms, it would be only like a flea bite in the ocean."

Good Advice.

"Say, Dick, Jinks has paid me that £5 twice. What shall I do about it?"

"Why, just ask him for it again."—London Fun.

CHAPTER XVII.—ASTONISHMENT NOT THE PREDOMINATING EMOTION.

If ever a man was astonished in this world, it was I, when I recognized Captain Woolsey in the prisoner those five Onondaga bucks were so proudly conducting along the trail before me. How came he to be here? Had not he himself told me three weeks before, that he intended going south, to take command of a company to which he had been assigned? If he had gone south, surely he would not have been brought away up into New York, even if captured. Then, too, it was plain that he was a recent captive. Was there not fresh blood on the side of his face, where he had received a slight wound of some kind? His elegant attire was freshly bedraggled and bemuddied. Those scalps—what of them? Three white scalps and one Delaware. It must be that he had been traveling north with an escort of white men and a Delaware guide. The party had been surprised and he captured. That was the most reasonable conjecture, and until I found a better, that must suffice. Now what was to be done? If I did not interfere, he stood a good show for a sudden, or a comparatively sudden, death. If the Butlers and Johnsons were paying $13 a piece for Whig scalps, he would probably lose his. It might be that the savages hoped to get a larger price for an American officer alive, than for the scalp of a dead one; or it might be that they were reserving him for torture at some main camp up along the river, and would take his scalp after having exhausted all their hellish ingenuity in torture. At all events, if he was to be liberated, it must be done before the larger party was come up with. I would follow on for a few miles and watch my chances.

I crept from my concealment, just as the party disappeared from sight in the first bend of the trail, and treading as lightly as I could, began trotting after. When I reached the first bend, they were out of sight, beyond another. It was fully thirty minutes before I caught sight of them again, and when I did so, twilight was giving place to darkness. The main party were not near. I knew these five must soon go into camp, and I followed as closely as I dared, that they might not leave the trail, seeking a safer camping place, and I lose them. Soon the trail led down toward the river, and as they came out along the bank, I caught sight of them, a considerable distance ahead. By the light reflected from the water, I could now see them quite plainly. There were yet five Indians and a white man. They were making up stream, and I hastened after. A little while I thought I heard voices off to the right and stopped, but as I heard nothing further in that direction, concluded I must have been mistaken, and I took up my stealthy march again. It had now grown quite dark. After a time I stopped again and listened, but could hear nothing save the gurgle of the water along the reedy shore, the chirp of insects, and the myriad night cries of the forest. As I started on, I found myself in a swale, setting back from the river. Had they crossed it, I knew they must have left a broad trail, for the ground was soft and mucky, even at this dry season. I retreated to the edge of this swale, laid down my rifle, and drew my flint and steel, that I might make a light and examine the ground. A wisp of dried fern made me a small torch, and with this I looked carefully across the swale, but not a footprint did I find. It must be that the party had either crossed the river, or turned to the right. Throwing down my torch and stamping upon it, I made my way back to the place where I had left my rifle. When I reached it, I groped about, but the rifle was not there. Surely, this was where I had left it? Still, I might be mistaken. I would light another wisp and see. I gathered the fern and struck my flint, when instead of flame, there was a blinding flash, shooting stars, a crushing blow, and I fell prone to the earth.

I did not quite lose my senses, but I was dazed, and before I could move or arise, my hands were bound and I was roughly pulled to my feet. Bewildered, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I next stumbled along a narrower trail leading back from the river, and within five minutes came to a small clearing, in the center of which stood a cabin. Through the open door and the numerous cracks between the logs, shone firelight. As we entered, there was an exclamation of genuine surprise from those within, and it was then that I understood that a second party and not the captors of Woolsey, had made me prisoner. There were seven in this new party, and they were not Onondagas, but Senecas. The two parties had evidently met on the trail some time before or at this cabin, which was a rendezvous for all Indians passing that way. It was undoubtedly their greetings which I had heard just as darkness came on.

One of the seven had recognized me, and as we entered proudly exclaimed: "Quedar! Skenando's Quedar! Captain Butler pay heap big price!"

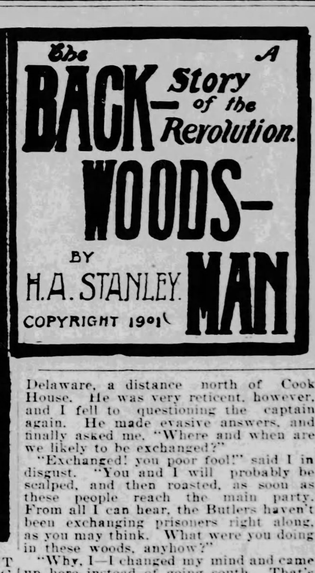
"If you want to carry a decent scalp to Captain Butler, wash up my head and get this blood out of my hair," said I in Seneca. At the sound of my voice, Captain Woolsey, who seemed to have been asleep when we entered, roused up.

"Great hearens, Ehlerson! Is this you? How came you here?"

"Great heavens, Captain! Is this you? How came you here?"

One of the Indians grunted at my reply, and from the amused look on his painted visage, I was quite sure he understood English and sensed what little humor there was in my reply. I therefore addressed him: "Where'd you get this fellow?"

The Indian grunted again, but shook his head to signify that he did not understand me. I repeated my question in Seneca, when he answered that the capture had been made somewhere near the



The BACK-WOODS-MAN
A Story of the Revolution.
BY H. A. STANLEY.
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Delaware, a distance north of Cook House. He was very reticent, however, and I fell to questioning the captain again. He made evasive answers, and finally asked me, "Where and when are we likely to be exchanged?"

"Exchanged! you poor fool!" said I in disgust. "You and I will probably be scalped, and then roasted, as soon as these people reach the main party. From all I can hear, the Butlers haven't been exchanging prisoners right along, as you may think. What were you doing in these woods, anyhow?"

"Why, I—I changed my mind and came up here instead of going south. That's all," said the captain, looking very foolish.

"Yes! So I see! But where were you captured, Captain; and when did you leave Philadelphia?"

"I left there a week after you did. I was to have gone on with Arnold—or, rather, I had hoped to have gone with him."

Here the captain paused, realizing again that he had made a bad trip, and that I knew him for what he was—a liar.

"Captain, don't beat about the bush. I don't care if you did lie to me in Philadelphia. I'm not going to inquire into that now. All I question you for is to know what our chances are. Where is this party from? Do you know where the main party is?"

"All I know is this, Mr. Ehlerson. I was coming up from the Delaware country with three of Arnold's men and a Delaware guide, when we heard that a large war party was out north of us. We left our chosen route at a place called Cook House, I think it was, at an early hour this morning, and struck out over toward the Susquehanna, hoping by the detour to avoid it. Instead, we ran into a detachment of it and were surrounded. We surrendered, supposing we were surrounded by a larger party, when four rifles cracked and my four companions were shot down. Why I was spared I don't know."

"Your uniform saved you, Captain. They can get more for you than they could for an ordinary scalp. They will take you to Butler's camp, get a double reward—probably twice what they could for your scalp, and then, by Butler's orders, you will be turned over for torture."

"Do you think so?" and the poor wretch trembled from head to foot, while a ghastly pallor came about his mouth and slowly covered his face.

"Certainly! I know it. As for me—I am also wanted for particular purposes. Butler wants to torture me for killing a number of his Mississague trackers, and for saving a pretty little squaw from falling into his hands a year ago last spring."

The captain groaned and laid down upon his mat again, as if very sick, at the outrage. The Indian that had grunted, now looked at me, his eyes shining with delight, and in a low voice remarked: "Words kill all white offser's courage. Him no run gantlet well."

"Eh? What's that you said?" I inquired, for he had surely said something that sounded very like what I have just stated, and that in English, too. He evidently realized that he had forgotten his role, and as I had him to repeat the words as a man sometimes will when suddenly addressed, even though he may have heard, the buck now believed that I had noticed his lapse, and in Seneca said again what I was quite sure he had said in English. Anyway, I was sure that he understood English, and was thereafter very careful what I said to the captain. I had intended telling the captain of a plan I had formulated for our escape, but feeling certain that at least one of the party understood English, I now forbore. I could see by the manner in which they treated him that they did not fear the captain's escape. He was indeed anything but a woodsman, and had he been given his liberty, could hardly have made his way to the settlements alone. Then, too, these savages, who were of Little Beard's "heart-eating clan," very sagacious as well as fierce, had noted his lack of nerve, as evidenced by his white face and his groanings.

However, that suited me exactly, for my plan was to have him make as much fuss as possible, so when the Indian I suspected of understanding English left us for an instant, I whispered to the captain:

"Make out as sick as you can. Make 'em think you're half dead. Then they won't be so apt to tie your hands. Be sure I am awake by the time we start."

The captain needed no urging. His groans came easily enough, and his pallor came quite as easily, when he thought, as I often caused him to do, of the horrors of the stake. As for me, I called for my supper, ate it with a relish, for I was very hungry, and commanding that my head be dressed, growled and used strong language while they were working over me. I had been hit with one of those old-fashioned Seneca war clubs, such as the squaws used to put the quietus on the larger dogs destined for a feast, and had not my skull been an exceedingly hard one, it must have been cracked by the blow. After the wound had been dressed, I laid back as if very weary, which, indeed, I was, and soon my snores should have convinced anyone that I was asleep. I was not, however, and through my eyelashes saw the eyes of the captain very wide open.

Meanwhile, the Indians, one after another had dropped off, and all seemed sleeping. Two of them had not lain down, but sat up on either side of the cabin door as a guard. The seven who brought me in, had not slept the night before, as I gathered from their conversation. The five bringing in the captain, had found in his luggage a three-pint bottle of his favorite rum—not a child's tipple by any means—and, having drank that, were pretty nearly comatose. If there is anything that will make a buck sleepy, it is a good drink of rum on an empty stomach, with a full meal after. I have seen them thus treated, fall asleep standing upright. These were no exception to the general rule, and, soon all slept, several snoring even louder than I was bound hand and foot. My hands were behind my back. I was lying between two braves, and a cord wound several times around my body was also around theirs. It did seem as if there was small chance for me. However, I snored at intervals, simulated sleep, and hoped. Once I came near falling asleep in spite of myself.

It must have been nearly 11 o'clock when I ventured to whisper to the captain, who lay about four feet from me. His arms were bound at the elbows, but not at the elbows and wrist, as were mine. I was quite sure that he could use his hands if he would. As I whispered, he looked at me, and I instructed him as best I could, how to steal the knife of an Indian lying next him, cut his own bonds and liberate me by cutting mine. Much to my disgust, he turned whiter than he had been before, shook his head despairingly, and closed his eyes. This cowardice rendered me furious. I began to entreat him in whispers. He lay with closed eyes and paid no attention to me. Then I went wild and began to swear. It was fearfully hot in that shack. The Indians had dropped asleep, leaving a large fire of maple and beech, and the coals of this gave out a strong heat, something after the manner of the coal they burn in Philadelphia. The bodies of all those greasy painted savages, under the influence of this warmth, smelled far from savory. The pain of my broken head, my horribly uncomfortable position—I was lying on my crossed arms—and my anger, all combined to put me in a terrible state. I was fast growing delirious, when I heard a peculiar "cheep!" just outside the cabin door. Opening my eyes wide, I glared eagerly around. That call I should have known anywhere. How many times had I heard it when Skenando and I, together, were endeavoring to stalk a deer or were circling around a tree in which a panther had taken refuge. By a painful effort I raised my head a trifle and looked out through the door. I could see nothing but darkness, for the moon was not yet arisen. I was about settling back, believing the sound I had heard, one of the incidents of my overwrought nerves, when out from the shadows stepped a familiar form, and I knew that Skenando was in the desh and with me. Just behind him I descried another familiar figure, and I could have shouted for joy. It was my Indian "bosom friend," Hon Yerry. Even as the Mohawks select a brother, so had this young Oneida and I, three years before, sworn fealty to one another. I knew now, that if his life had paid the forfeit, whatever mortal hands could do, would be done in my behalf.

As I ventured to raise my head and look out again, the young Onieda motioned to me to lie down. Then, hatchet in hand, he slowly tiptoed his way among the sleepers and across the cabin, where all but two of the guns sat. He had passed the sleeping sentinels at either side of the door, and was gliding toward the gun stack in the corner, when, to my horror, the sentinel at the left opened his eyes, winked once or twice as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming, and then, with a slow, steady motion, although his body trembled with such excitement as a cat shows when about to spring, raised his rifle to shoot Hon Yerry in the back. I tried to speak, to warn my Oneida brother, but it seemed as if my lips had become flaccid and inert, as if all my organs of speech were paralyzed.

CHAPTER XVIII.—LOOSENED BONDS.

There are times, when an instant seems an age. Upon such occasions one wonders at the swiftness, and again at the slowness of thought. As I lay there helpless in that cabin that night, and watched that painted fiend slowly raising a rifle to shoot my Indian brother in the back, it seemed as if every second was an age. As a matter of fact, it was not three seconds from the time that I attempted to speak a warning until there was no necessity for it. I have seen lightning-like movements in my time, but never have I seen, before or since, such quickness and dexterity as old Skenando displayed at this juncture. He had stood close beside the door, a little to the right, when the sentinel awoke. At first the old man seemed paralyzed, even as I was, but horror did not hold him long. He sprang without gathering, and landed, light as a cat, at the sentinel's side. His hand flew to the windpipe of the intent savage, there were two quick knife thrusts of the other hand—and the tremor of eagerness had mingled with that of death, for each thrust touched at the very seat of life. Slowly, almost pityingly it seemed, Skenando bent over and peered into the eyes of his victim, then gently laid him down beside his sleeping tribesmen. He still retained his hold upon his rifle and Skenando drew upon his throat. As the rifle finally slid from the palsied hands, Skenando caught it, stood over him an instant as if to make sure that his struggles were ended, and then cautiously tiptoed outside, where he leaned the rifle against the door post and, knife in hand, stood as he had ten seconds before, immovable and calm, the firelight flickering on his grim old face and gleaming in his bright old eyes. Not a muscle of all the ridged, cordy network twitched or trembled. The nerve of this terrible old man was that of one in a thousand.

So quickly and silently had it all been done, that Hon Yerry had not even heard or surmised the tragedy at his back, and it was not until he turned with the rifles in his arms—he had taken mine and the captain's—that he realized what had occurred. He must then have understood the terrible danger which he had escaped, but he made no sign of agitation or surprise. Instead, he carefully picked his way out. I held my breath as he went and trembled with nervous terror. Once, just after he had passed through the door, the savage next me grunted in his sleep and rolled partly over, pulling yet tighter the cords that bound me to him and his fellows, whereat, the second savage raised his head, growled sleepily and settled back again, just in time to save his own life, for like a shadow Skenando had darted in and bent over him, that terrible knife in hand.

All this time Captain Woolsey had lain with terror-distended eyes, and trembling worse than I—whether from terror or eagerness, I could not say. As Hon Yerry re-entered the cabin, Skenando sheathed his knife and raised his right hand; a tomahawk flashed in the firelight as it was tossed from Hon Yerry's hand to that of Skenando, and, drawing his own blade, the half naked young warrior stepped lightly between the sleeping forms to bend over me. It seemed as if that quick cautious knife stroke released all the pent-up blood of my system, and I knew that I was free. I dared not move for fully five minutes, so benumbed were my body and limbs, and as silently as he had come did the lithe-limbed young Indian make his way outside the cabin again. Before going, he picked up a hatchet and handed it to me. There I lay waiting, gripping the weapon, fully resolved if discovered, to bound to my feet, brain all that opposed me and make a rush for the door. Happily, my fears were needless. Every son of a squaw slept almost as soundly as the victim of Skenando, and emboldened by the deep breathing, I finally arose, stood unsteadily on my feet a moment, and then with three long strides had gained the outer freedom. There I recovered fast, and soon reentered to stand with Skenando in the center of the cabin, hatchet ready, while Hon Yerry cut the bonds of the captain and assisted him to his feet.

It was then that I was loath to leave. Something within me seemed to command me to kill those sleepers, one after another, with the silent hatchet, but a look from Skenando, an imperative motion to get out of the door, started me, and I obeyed. As we went out, Skenando paused and dexterously lifted the scalp of the Seneca he had slain. Then, while I stood ready with my big knife in my right hand and my left ready to shut on the sleeper's throat, Skenando carefully lifted the rifle from between the sleeping guard's knees. Having accomplished this, I felt again that uncontrollable desire to slay the whole party, but Skenando would not entertain the notion for an instant. He at once assumed the command, as he always had when I was with him, and since Hon Yerry and the captain seemed inclined to obey without a murmur, I had no choice but to do the same.

The cabin had been so crowded that my pack had been left outside with several blankets and other implements, not including Captain Woolsey's sword, belt and pistol, however. That rig, the new owner was sleeping in. I therefore slipped into my pack straps, motioned the captain to take a blanket and a small sack of parched corn lying near, and each carrying three guns and several knives and hatchets, we set out for the river. A considerable distance up the river we stopped, and one after another threw the surplus of weapons far out into the water. Then in the deep darkness we took the broad trail and hurried north. Within an hour, the moon came up and at daylight of September 1st, we made nearly twenty miles, being at least three miles northeast of Unadilla. We knew that there must be two large and hostile parties in and about the headwaters of the Delaware and Susquehanna, for how else could we have run into two detachments from two different tribes? And we knew also that as soon as our escape was discovered, runners from the party we had left would be dispatched to the main parties for arms and help, and that we would be pursued at once. That was why we took but little sleep that morning. I was in favor of pushing on without any sleep at all, but Captain Woolsey was so near dead that he could not keep up. Besides, Skenando and Hon Yerry were certain that our escape would not be discovered for some hours, that several more hours would be wasted in securing arms and help, and that the actual pursuit would not be instituted until nearly or quite noon.

We therefore took little pains to conceal our trail, but hurried on through the night, and were, as I have said, three miles northeast of Unadilla when daylight came upon us. Each of us had carried two guns, and as my own was the splendid double barrel which Miss Molly had given me so long ago, we had nine shots at our immediate disposal if attacked. The only thing to guard against was a surprise, and that we would not allow, if vigilance would prevent it. We crossed to the northwest bank of the Susquehanna, just above Unadilla and traveled for miles along the side hill. When daylight came, we were within a half mile of a small densely wooded island. Skenando was leading, and much to my surprise, as we sighted this island we broke from the trail toward the river, and, making as much trace as possible, entered the water and made for the other shore. I followed, and, at the bidding of the Onedas, both the captain and I left plain tracks on either bank, south where we entered and left the water. Then, we all followed Skenando, who, wall-wing through the brush, made for a huge tree trunk lying partly in and partly out of the water and extending to shore nearly one hundred feet. Onto this he climbed and running along on its stump, sprang far to shore, making a plain trail by kicking up the moss and leaves. All followed his example, and all stood and watched him as he picked his way carefully back to the tree trunk by a circuitous route, this time leaving no trail. We did the same, and, single file, made our way out the tree trunk, back toward the water again. Once in the water we waded rapidly up stream to a point opposite the island, and there swam across. The captain was but a poor swimmer, and I had to go back after him and his burden of rifles. On this island we found plenty of dry wood, as it was hardly yet light, ventured to build a small fire, boil coffee and dry our wet clothing, which in the early morning of every third day season felt uncomfortable. We did not allow this fire, which was of smokeless dry wood, to burn very long, for fear that the slight smoke it did make might be seen, and about six o'clock, just as the sun was commencing to peer into the valley, all save Skenando sought repose. It was arranged that he and Hon Yerry were to stand on guard two hours each, for as they had done little but lurk about the woods in the vicinity of Okwaga for several days, they were not as much worn as the captain and I, and could do with less sleep.

On the way up, despite our rapid travel, Hon Yerry had told me much news. From him I learned of the terrible struggle at Oriskany three weeks before, of how the Butlers and Johnsons and their Tory allies, together with such Indians as they could gather, were lurking about the more exposed border, murdering men, women or children as the opportunity offered; of the death of brave old General Nick Herkimer from his wound at Oriskany; and of Burgoyne's advance down through the Champlain country toward Albany, even though his ally St. Leger had been repulsed and driven back via the Oswego route. In short, I heard more news of the northern New York country than I had before since I left it, and was exceedingly excited that, tired as I was, it was only by an effort that I wooed and gained slumber.

It was to dream of all that I had heard that I fell asleep that morning—for a strange panorama came to me during that heavy slumber. It was as if I saw it all just as Hon Yerry had told me, as if I was a spectator of those stirring scenes. Then other and new scenes came. I was myself fighting fiercely,—first shooting at a distance; then hatchet in hand, struggling to beat back redcoats who came at me faster than I could cut them down. However, I had in part succeeded; they were falling before me; were finally fleeing, when I paused in pursuit and glanced back over my left shoulder, to see Captain Woolsey, a murderous scowl of hate and rage on his face. Where he had come from so suddenly I could not imagine, for he had not gone with me into the struggle which I had been engaged in. But there he was now, holding in his hands a pistol and his eyes gleaming wickedly as he drew it up and aimed it at me. I was looking into the barrel, expecting to see fire flash from it, for I could see his forefinger pressing the trigger, when Murphy sprang from behind a tree, hurled himself against him and knocked the weapon upwards, just as it was discharged. The report seemed so close and so much louder than any other I had heard in all that fearful fight, that I was stunned, and, as I sank down saw Edith's dear face, in a look of wild terror upon it. I awoke with a moan and a start, to find Hon Yerry crouched near a drift thirty feet distant, a smoking rifle in his hands. On the edge of the river, two hundred yards below, and near the tree on which we had entered the water, floated an Indian. His dying struggles caused him to go round and round, like a badly wounded duck. As I watched him I saw a slight movement in the brush just below the tree, there was another report from the point of the island sixty yards below, and headlong from the brush, leaping like a great frog, came an Onondaga buck, to fall face down with a heavy splash into the swift running river.

As the smoke floated away and the reports ceased echoing up and down the silent valley, the drowsy hum of insect

ONE BOLT OF LIGHTNING KILLS SEVENTEEN CATTLE.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Cherubusco, Ind., Sept. 4.—The above cut portrays vividly the work of one bolt of lightning. Twenty-five steers, almost ready for the market, and not one of which weighed less than 1,400 pounds, the property of Mrs. D. W. Mickey, had sought shelter during a thunderstorm under an ash tree in one corner of the pasture field. Seventeen of the animals were on one side of the tree, and eight were on the opposite side, facing their fellows. A bolt of lightning struck the tree, and the seventeen steers on the one side met instant death. The eight on the other side were uninjured. The electric fluid left the tree about four feet from the ground, and the cattle, standing so close that they almost touched one another, made a perfect circuit. The steers were insured for $1,000. The hides and tallow sold for $70.

and river life again held sway; the shining circles of the eddies that had been created by the splash lost themselves in the reeds along the shore; the river ran on as before, and but for the glistening backs of two dead Indians lying there near the water's edge, I might have thought that, too, a dream. Certainly, it had not been at first, nor did it now seem, more real than the other. The two rifle shots had not entirely awakened Captain Woolsey, who lay some distance in toward the center of the island, a blanket over his face to keep off the sun and insects. He moved just as I looked, and in so doing drew down the blanket. There he lay, as handsome a young fellow as I ever saw; he certainly looked like anything but a murderer, and yet—what expression was that coming? What a horrible scowl! Was it the sun? No. There was murder in that leer, which drew his lips away from his set teeth. He reached down, snatched as if at a pistol, and having gone through the motions of cocking it with his thumb, raised his hand and jerked his forefinger. Then a smile of satisfaction covered his face, and he was once more handsome and sleeping like a babe. I now felt an aversion for him, fear of him, that all his lies and duplicity had never before created. Pshaw! 'This was childish! I must awaken him. Neither Skenando nor Hon Yerry paid me the least attention as I crawled up the slope and shook him until he sat up.

"Is it—is the fight—is it morning?" he stammered. Then he stretched his arms and yawned, looking for an instant foolish as he remarked: "By Jove! I was dreaming."

"That so? Hear any shooting, Captain? Skenando and Hon Yerry have just killed an Indian each. We ought to get out of this I'm thinking, so you'd better get awake and be ready."

"They have! Queer I didn't hear 'em shoot. Where are they? Oh! I see. We're followed, eh? Glad! But those fellows are dead shots."

"Yes, they are, Captain. But what were you dreaming of? You kicked about here as if in a nightmare. Having a fight, were you?"

The captain looked startled; even more than he had when I told him of the exploit of our companions. "Why, yes. I was in some infernal close place or other. What'd I say?"

"Who'd you kill, Captain?"

"I—I—Oh,! Don't bother me, confound you!"

"Did you dream you had a pistol in your hands, Captain? Did you see me in your battle?"

A look of guilty fear flashed before his face. Then by an effort he laughed: "Oh, let up, won't you? Did you ever have a nightmare? I'm not going to tell you my dreams. I was in close quarters—I know that."

Despite my desire to question him further, I was too much interested in the actual events transpiring about us, to dwell long on the similarity of dreams. I therefore said no more, but securing my own rifle and another, crawled on my hands and knees to the drift wood, behind which Hon Yerry was crouching. He paid no attention to me, but sat with his eyes fixed on the shore below. The captain soon crept down there too, and for more than an hour we all sat there patiently waiting. It was my opinion that the savages killed were two of the disarmed ones who had been sent on to locate us, while the others went to the main body for help and equipment; but as we were not sure, as there might be a score of sharpshooters hid in the forest on either side, ready to shoot as soon as we showed ourselves, caution was imperative. One, the struggling Indian, had been carried by the current down against the tree top and lay there half out of the water, his arms and legs moving back and forth in the current with a motion was not a pleasant sight. The other had fallen face down and been swept into such shallow water that his shoulders and back showed. His body made no movement except to rise and fall a little with the surge that smote the shore. I knew that the Oneidas greatly desired these scalps, and that as soon as they thought it prident they would secure them and therefore said nothing, but awaited their motion. Finally Hon Yerry handed me his rifle, drew his knife and stealthily slid into the river. Then slowly and noiselessly he swept down with the current, his scalp-lock scarcely showing, and without exposing more than an arm and his head deftly secured the first scalp, then the other. Like a snake he crawled up the bank beside the second Indian, into the thicket and was seen no more until he appeared on the bank opposite the head of the island, and as skillfully as before floated down and across to us. He gave one trophy to Skenando, and proudly attached the other to his own wet girdle.

We were now quite sure that the two Indians first shot had been sent out alone, and determined to take up our journey again and make for the Schoharie. We felt it safest to push up the main river another day and strike across for Schoharie above the Charlotte. It was a hard march, those next forty miles, but we knew that the quicker it was made the better would be our chances for reaching Albany. We prepared our corn paste, ate a considerable quantity of it, snatched a few handfuls of blackberries and huckleberries from the brush on the island and making shore, hurried along the trail all that afternoon. At nightfall we had reached the Charlotte, and even though it was dark, we here left the trail and travelled up the bed of the little river, sometimes stumbling over shoals, at other times in water quite to our arm-pits. As soon as the moon came up, which it did a little after midnight, we again took the trail, which came down to the river ten miles from its mouth, and at daylight had made such good progress that we could hear a dog barking at a cabin on what was later known as Scrooge's Gore. It was nearly six o'clock when we finally reached this mill, and here a horrible sight presented itself.

A little way out from the mill lay the body of a boy of about twelve years of age. He had been scalped and mutilated in an indescribable manner. Nearer the mill was the body of a woman—the boy's mother. She had been scalped and mutilated. A piece of child's dress was clutched in her hand. She had apparently clung to her child to the last. The body of the child—we could tell it by the dress—a baby not more than eighteen months old, was impaled on a sharp-topped fence stake near by. An old man had been cut down probably while trying to defend the children and the woman. He had been literally hacked to pieces. In the mill near his own flood-gate lay the body of the miller. He had evidently been shot down while at work the day before. The mill had been fired, but a shower of rain had put the fire out and the greater portion of the building stood until it was rebuilt. In an out-house near by, was the body of a Dutch domestic, scalped but not mutilated. The miller's residence had been burned.

We surveyed this scene of rapine and murder for a few minutes only. It was a dangerous neighborhood and we dared not stay even long enough to bury the dead. We were about to take up our march again, when there was a slight rustle in the long grass near the road, and I caught a glimpse of a child's head. I sprang over in that direction, and came near to alighting on a pretty little boy of five, who was crying piteously. A great lump arose in my throat and I was almost sobbing as I picked the child up. I kissed him, and he put his chubby arms about my neck and nestled in my bosom, glancing fearfully meanwhile at my Indian companions. Skenando handed him a piece of dried meat and he ate it as a famished dog might. Then we questioned him, and ascertained that he was the only survivor; that Indians led by a white man had done this hellish work early on the morning of the day before. As he had eaten nothing but berries and currents I made a saddle for him on my pack, filled his hands full of dried meat and as he ate we hurried on. We had no sooner started than we heard the baying of a dog again, this time behind us. The child declared his folks had not had a dog. What dog it was that barked, why he did not show himself, and whether or not it was an Indian attempt to lead us into ambush, I do not to this day know.

We reached the Schoharie settlements—Bartholomew's place was deserted—late that night, and rested there twelve hours. I left the child with a relative, near the site of the Upper fort. When we reached Gates' army near the mouth of the Mohawk, some ten miles above Albany, Murphy was off on a scout, but he returned the same night that I arrived, and was overjoyed to see me. Skenando and Hon Yerry reported to the new general as the former commander had instructed, but were so coolly treated that had not Arnold interfered not only the old chief and the young one, but from one hundred to one hundred and fifty Oneidas as well, might have left the American service. Happily, Arnold had tact enough to hold them and to placate the enmity Gates' boorishness had aroused. The following day the army moved on north to Stillwater, taking possession of Bemus Heights on the west bank of the Hudson. Here, while daily and hourly increasing by accessions from all directions, lay that heterogeneous body of men, panting to do to Burgoyne what Herkimer and his Mohawk Dutchmen had done to St. Leger and the Johnsons and Butlers at Oriskany five or six weeks before.

To be Continued.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

GLOOM-STEALERS.

All optimists put off their woe
Until to-morrow—as we know—
But pessimists, to keep life gray,
Groan all to-morrow's groans to-day.

A CONSTANT REMINDER.

Dusnap—I see you call your naphtha launch after your wife.

Bertwhistle (working over launch engine, perspiringly)—Yes; because whenever I want to go anywhere with it, it takes so long before it gets ready to start!

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

Seldum Fedd—Honestly, boss, I don't know wher me next meal is comin' from—

Citizen (gruffly)—Neither do I. It is certainly not coming from me!

VERY TRUE.

Sunny South—De world owes every man a living.

Brake O'Day—Yes; but it costs more ter collect it dan wot it's worth.

GENERAL ACTIVITY.

Church Member—There are few people nowadays who observe the Sabbath as a day of rest.

Worldly Friend—That's right. Even the Puritans are busy trying to keep other folks quiet.

Not a Surface Accomplishment.

Dorothy—How would you define a gentleman?

Katharine—Well, my idea of a gentleman is a man who looks and acts like a gentleman even when he isn't dressed like a gentleman.—Chicago Record-Herald.

DISCOVERED BY A WOMAN.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure the piles from any cause or in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address Mrs. G. H. Miller, Box 99, Kokomo, Ind.

DOING THE EXPOSITION

How to Get the Worth of "Your Money."

From Now Until Its Close, Buffalo Will Entertain Thousands of Visitors.

All kinds of advice is given visitors to the Pan American exposition,as to what they should do when they get there, what they should see, and how they should divide their time, so as to get the most for their money; but perhaps after all, the best advice is just this: Take it easy and enjoy yourself. This is especially true now: the crowds have come to the exposition and everywhere one goes about the buildings, the midway, etc., one finds throngs of people. These crowds add to one's excitement and increase the impression that the Pan-American is a big thing, if not indeed the biggest that ever happened in the exposition line.

"THERE ARE MORE ON THE OTHER SIDE"
"LADY," SAID THE GUARD.

About Seeing People.

Seeing the people at an exposition is one of the most interesting things one can do, for there is always something inspiring in great crowds, and one learns more from watching the scenes and "sizing up" the different exhibits in human nature than even in inspecting the exhibits from the Pan-American countries, in the different buildings, interesting and instructive though these exhibits of course are.

If you would witness a sight not to be forgotten you want to be in the animal quarters of the Bostock Zoological arcana, the prime attraction of the Pan-American exposition, at feeding time. Such a scene of mad impatience, wild savagery and unrestrained ferocity can hardly be imagined, nor are such demoniacal bloodcurdling sounds ever heard in any zoological garden of civilization or jungle of darkest Africa. Captive beasts are generally more rampant, angry and noisy about feeding time than those free to silently and stealthily seek their prey, but the Bostock aggregation beats the average. The many lordly lions roar and jump over one another, the leopards and jaguars leap as high as their iron cages will permit, the panthers, wolves and hyenas cry with increasing energy, elephants bellow, dogs, yelp, howl and bark, birds chirp, and the monkeys add their shrill notes to the bedlam of sounds, and pandemonium reigns. It is the moment when the trained animals forget their training and all the savage instinct of their wild natures is aroused, hunger, which will cause a man to forget his manners and show his animal instincts, and when savage enough make of him a savage and even a cannibal, loosens in these beasts their wildest instincts and shows them in all the mad restlessness of their ferocious natures. So long as the tracks, heaped with great pieces of horseflesh are in sight, this wildest of wild scenes continues, and not until the meat has been forked into the dens is silence restored and the commotion of hundreds of beasts ended.

Some people come to the exposition apparently determined not to enjoy themselves, except as they may find a peculiar kind of enjoyment in picking flaws in everything that is exhibited and finding fault with the management wherever there happens to be the slightest opportunity. Such people complain because the Goddess of Light does not carry a lighted torch, or because somebody has said there were half a million lights in the general illumination, when it is possible this is an over-estimate; or, they think the exposition does not amount to much because the exhibit space is smaller than at the World's Fair at Chicago, not remembering that the latter was a World's Fair, while the Pan-American is confined to the Western Hemisphere, and did not set out to eclipse Chicago in mere bigness. Most visitors are free to admit that they never before saw anything to equal the Pan-American in real beauty of architecture and grandeur of night effects.

Exhibits Are Good.

As to exhibits it is a fair and conservative statement that never before were the Americas so well presented to human inspection by exhibits of their products, industries and civilization, and, if this has been achieved, the Pan-American has indeed accomplished its grand object.

Announcement has just been made of a feast of fruits and flowers to be held the week beginning September 30. This feast will be something entirely new, partaking somewhat of the nature of a carnival, and giving opportunity for magnificent pageants and scenes of gaiety and grandeur combined, which will have for their setting the beautiful Court of Fountains, where will occur the stately coronation ceremonies, in which over 150 men and women, in elegant court costumes, will take part. The queen will occupy a throne in this magnificent court, and hundreds of dancing girls will execute before her dances of surpassing beauty and magnificence.

Of course no one person could see all these things on a single day's program, but as was stated at the beginning the best way is to see as much as you can enjoy comfortably and let it go at that. Don't try to do as a very calculating lady did, who was accosted by an exposition guard the other day in the bazaar building. She was standing in front of one of those cases where railroad time tables are displayed for the convenience of visitors contemplating railroad travel. She had collected an armful of time tables, and apparently was not satisfied with what she had found. The guard remarked: "Madam, there is another case of time tables on the other side of the building if you don't find what you want." "Oh, is there," she replied. "Well, I will go right over and get some more." "Do you know," she said in a confidential tone, as she pointed to the armful of time tables, of all descriptions and kinds, which she carried, "I am getting every single thing I can on these grounds, free, for I paid 50 cents to get in, and I'm going to get my money's worth."

Monkeys and Sugar Cane.

Some years ago, when in charge of the Mauritius government railways, trains of sugar canes, loaded in open-sided trucks, were worked over a section of the line from the plantations to the usine centrale, some miles distant, and the three first miles of the single-line railway passed through a forest with trees quite close to the rails, up a very steep gradient and around sharp curves, says the London Spectator. When the first down passenger train from Port Louis had passed the crossing station the loaded cane train was dispatched toward the summit. In the meantime some monkeys in the forest had timed the passage of the descending passenger train, and, by sentinels, who signaled to their expectant comrades on trees the approach of the cane train. As the train went crawling up the incline a troop of monkeys sprang upon each wagon, then forming the train, and threw off a goodly number canes, which were gathered up as the train slowly passed onward. These depredations became so serious that the planter appointed a watchman to patrol this "length," but the "malgaches" have a superstitious dread of killing a monkey, which they term "di merde meme" in Creole. The looting of these trains by these marauders was, however, stopped by other means.

Precisely the Difficulty.

Ambitious Politician—"I don't think I'll have a bit of trouble in getting any office I want. Look how easily I was elected last year, when the people hardly knew me at all."

Trusty Henchman — "But that's the whole trouble. The people—h m—know you now."—Chicago Tribune.

MUSCULAR PASTOR.

Muscles Built Up by Common Sense Habit.

"For years I have not been able to drink coffee, as it made me very nervous and gave me a headache. No one loved coffee more than I and it was a severe trial to abandon its use. Nearly three years ago I saw Postum Cereal Coffee advertised and concluded to try it.

I have been so well pleased with it and its healthful effects that I have used it ever since. I carry packages with me when I visit other places.

When I began to drink Postum, my muscles were flabby, as my habits are sedentary, but for the past two years my muscles have been hard and I never felt stronger in my life than I do now at sixty years of age, and I attribute my strength of muscle to constant use of Postum. I drink it three times a day. I feel so enthusiastic about Postum that I cannot recommend it too highly wherever I go. Wishing you great success, your truly," Rev. A. P. Moore, 474 Rhode Island St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The reason Postum builds up the human body to a prime condition of health, is that when coffee is left off, the drug effects of the poison disappear and the elements in Postum unite with albumen of the food to make gray matter and refill the delicate nerve centers all over the body and in the brain. This sets up a perfect condition of nerve health, and the result is that the entire body feels the effect of it.

ASSASSINS OF A CENTURY

Notable Personages Whose Lives Have Been Marked.

George III, of England, mad attempt by Margaret Nicholson, August 2, 1786; again by James Hatfield May 15, 1800.

Napoleon I, attempt by an infernal machine, December 24, 1800.

Paul, Czar of Russia, by nobles, March 24, 1801.

George IV, (when regent), attempt January 28, 1817.

August Kotzebue, German dramatist, for political motives, by Earl Sand, March 23, 1819.

Andrew Jackson, President United States, attempt January 30, 1835.

Louis Philippe, of France, many attempts: By Fieschi, July 28, 1835; by Alibaud, June 25, 1836, by Meunier, December 27, 1836; by Darmes, October 5, 1840; by Lecomte, April 14, 1846; by Henry, July 29, 1846.

Frederick William IV, of Prussia, attempt by Sofelage, May 22 1850.

Francis Joseph, of Austria, attempt by Libenyi, February 18, 1853.

Ferdinand, Charles III, Duke of Parma, March 27, 1854.

Isabella II, of Spain, attempt by La Riva, May 4, 1847; by Merino, February 2, 1852; by Raymond Fuentes, May 28, 1856.

Napoleon III, attempts by Pianori, April 28, 1855; by Bellemarra, September 8, 1855; by Orsini and others (France), January 14, 1858.

Daniel, Prince of Montenegro, August 13, 1860.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, at Ford's theater, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth, on the evening of April 14; died April 15, 1865.

Michael, Prince of Servia, June 10, 1868.

Prim, Marshal of Spain, December 28; died December 30, 1870.

George Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, by communists, May 24, 1871.

Richard, Earl of Mayo, governor general of India, by Shere Ali, a convict, in Andaman Islands, February 8, 1872.

Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, when king of Spain, attempt July 19, 1872.

Prince Bismarck, attempt by Blind, May 7, 1866; by Kullman, July 13, 1874.

Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, June 4, 1876.

Hussein Avni and other Turkish ministers, by Hassan, a Circassian officer, June 15, 1876.

William I, of Prussia and Germany, attempts: By Oscar Becker, July 14, 1861; by Hodel, May 11, 1878; by Dr. Nobiling, June 2, 1878.

Humbert I, King of Italy, attempt by John Passaranti, March 1, 1878.

Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, attempt by Baisa, December 12, 1878.

Alfonso XII, of Spain, attempts: By J. O. Moncasi, October 25, 1878; by Francisco Otero Gonzalez, December 30, 1879.

Loris Melikoff, Russian general, attempt, March 4, 1880.

Bratiano, Premier of Roumania, attempt by J. Pietraro, December 14, 1880.

Alexander II, of Russia, attempts: By Karakozow, at St. Petersburg, April 16, 1866; by Berezowski, at Paris, June 6, 1867; by Alexander Solovieff, April 14, 1879; by undermining a railway train, December 1, 1879; by explosion at winter palace, St. Petersburg, February 17, 1880; killed by explosion of bomb thrown by a man who was himself killed, St. Petersburg, 2 p. m., March 13, 1881.

James A. Garfield, President of the United States, shot by Charles Jules Guiteau, Washington, July 2, 1881; died from his wounds September 18, 1881; Guiteau convicted of murder in the first degree January 26, 1882; sentenced February 2; hanged on June 30, 1882.

Marie Francois Carnot, President of France, stabbed mortally at Lyons, by Cesare Santo, an anarchist, Sunday, June 24, 1894.

Stanislaus Stambuloff, ex-premier of Bulgaria, killed by four persons, July 25, 1895.

Nasr-ed-din, Shah, of Persia, assassinated May 1, 1896.

Antonio Canovas del Castillo, prime minister of Spain, by Michael Angolillo, alias Golli, an Italian anarchist, at San Agueda, Spain, August 8, 1897.

Juan Idirate Borda, President of Uruguay, killed August 25, 1897, at Montevideo by an officer in Uruguayan army.

President Diaz, attempt, in the city of Mexico; by M. Arnulfo, September 20, 1897.

Jose Maria Reyna Barrios, President of Guatemala, at Guatemala City, February 8, 1898.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, stabbed in heart by Luchini, at Geneva, September 10, 1898.

William Goebel, democratic claimant to the governorship of Kentucky, shot January 30, 1900.

President Ulysses Heureaux of Santo Domingo, was assassinated July 26, 1899.

Humbert, King of Italy, July 29, 1900, at Monza, Italy, by Angelo Bressi.

William McKinley, President of the United States, shot by Leon Czolgosz, at the Pan-American exposition, Buffalo, N. Y., September 6, 1901.

Thos. Hunt Stucky, M. D., Louisville, Ky., says: "When we take into consideration the many kinds of headache, and look back upon their treatment for the past twenty years, one fact becomes evident, and that is that anti-kamnia tablets have in a great measure displaced all other remedies in treating these troubles.—Western Medical Journal.

DUMB-BELL FRUIT PRODUCED BY MAN

Nature's latest productions is a wonder. It is a tropical fruit found on an island in the Indian ocean, and is shaped like a dumbbell or a double orange. Its flavor is delicious, being something like that of a blood orange and a pomegranate, having the deep red color of the latter inside. It is said to be the result of grafting by a white man who several years ago sought the secluded island in which it was found, about a thousand miles south of Ceylon. He lived there alone, except for a single servant, but was taken with fever, and died after a Robinson Crusoe life of eight or ten years. His servant left the island and went to Ceylon, taking with him specimens of the fruit. In Ceylon at present it is in great demand.

An Announcement With An Edge.

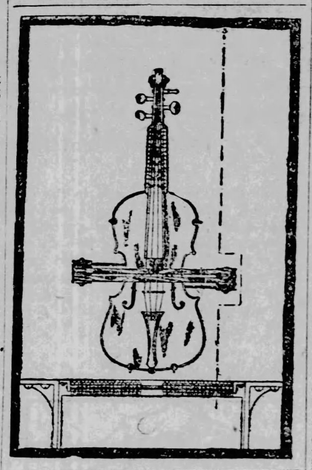
A Droitwich barber was just finishing lathering a customer and was talking volubly as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "there's no carelessness allowed by our employer. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined six-pence, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a shilling."

Then, picking up and brandishing his razor, he added: "But I don't care a rap to-day. I've just won a sovereign."—London Answers.

AN AUTOMATIC VIOLIN IS THE LATEST

In this age of automatons it is not surprising to find automatically operated musical instruments. Every one has self-playing piano and musical box, and soon every one is likely to hear an automatic stringed instrument, very similar to a violin, for a Massachusetts inventor has just devised an instrument of this kind.



The component parts of this novel invention are strings, a belt bow, a frame and pneumatic device by means of which the bow is enabled to travel over the strings in whatever direction may be desired. These devices are connected with a lever which is controlled by a progressively-moving actuator, and the position of which may be varied to suit the movement of the bow. On the neck of the instrument there are also two independent finger bearing strips, in which are movable rods.

Music of any kind, it is claimed, can be played on this mechanical violin, which, furthermore, is so constructed that it will last a long time, and, if properly used, will not readily get out of order.—New York Herald.

HANDY IMPLEMENT FOR SCRUBWOMEN

There is nothing pleasant about the act of dipping the hands into dirty water to wring the mop-cloth, and yet this is a very necessary part of the work of mopping up floors. The inventors have already produced several devices to do the work without the necessity of wetting the hands, and our illustration shows one more to be added to the list, this being the invention of William R. Gillette, of Chicago, Ill. He states that the principal advantages are simplicity and small cost of construction, ease of operation and an efficient lock for supporting the cloth in either of its two positions. The arrangement consists of the ordinary stick, with a curved neck ending in a cloth-receiving loop, together with an arrangement for wringing the mop. This latter is formed of a rotary shaft, with a crank at one end and a loop at the other, the shaft being mounted in blocks, which are attached to the stick by two spring loops. The loops fit in slots in the ends of the blocks to maintain the latter in either of the two positions. To wring the mop the shaft is pulled upward to draw its loop away from the main loop, and a twist of the crank finishes the task.

IN POSITION FOR WRINGING THE CLOTH.

Wood as a Sound Conductor.

A striking example of the magical effects capable of being produced by any one conversant with the laws of sound was shown by the late Prof. Tyndall in one of his lectures. He placed on the floor of the room an ordinary guitar. No one was near, yet some unseen hand drew sweet music from it, which all could hear. The guitar was replaced by a harp with the same result. A wooden tray was then substituted, and even from that issued mysterious harmonies. The marvelous effect was simply due to the sound-conducting quality of wood. In a room beneath, and separated by two floors, was a piano, and connecting the rooms was a tin tube containing a metal rod, the end of which emerged from the floor. The rod was clasped by rubber bands so as to close the tube, and the lower end of the rod then rested on the soundboard of the piano. As the guitar rested on the upper end of the rod, the sounds were reproduced from the piano, and when the soundboard of the harp was placed on the rod, it seemed as though the actual notes of the harp were heard, the notes of the piano being so like those of the harp. As the professor said, "An uneducated person might well believe that witchcraft was used in the production of this music," and it is certainly more than probable that if he had done the same thing publicly in an earlier age, he would either have been reverenced as possessing supernatural powers or have been burned as a sorcerer.—Chambers' Journal.

A Theological Hypothesis.

An old colored preacher in the rural district accounted for the lightning in this way:

"Ever time Satan looks down on sees de Lawd's work gwine on fire flashes f'um his eyes. Dat's de lightnin'. Ev'n he fall ter hit a church wid it he lays back and hollers. Dat's de thunder."

"But, passon" said an old deacon, "what is Satan in de winter time? We don't have no lightnin' den."

The preacher studied a minute and then said:

"Well, bit may be, Brer Williams, dat hell's froze over den."—Atlanta Constitution.

Heiskell's Ointment

Cures Skin Troubles When Everything Else Has Failed.

Try it on an obstinate case of Tetter, Erysipelas, Eczema, Pimples, Ulcers, Ring Worm, Blotches or any Skin Disease. Ask your druggist for it. By mail 50c. a box. Heiskell's Soap, for the skin, 25c.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 831 Commerce Street, Philadelphia.

Your Ointment healed my hand of tetter in two weeks. My doctor prescribed it."—Minnie Davis, Catlettsburg, Penn.

The Farmstead.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Hog Cholera.

Editor Farmstead:—I send for C. R., Eureka, Cal., the following cure for hog cholera and diarrhoea: Drench with a strong solution of alum, and mix pulverized alum in their food as you would salt.

I cured two by giving one-half pint each once a day.—D. W. M., New Vernon, Pa.

Apple Tree Borers.

Editor Farmstead:—I was interested in a query a week or two ago about apple tree borers. Apple growers about the country lose annually many trees from the ravages of these insects. There are two species, one of which is known as the flat-headed borer and the other as the round-headed borer. By taking proper precaution, many apple trees could be saved if watched carefully. Prof. Johnson advises that all trees should be closely examined early in the fall, when the young larvae or worms, if present, may be detected by the discoloration of the bark, which sometimes has a flattened and dried appearance. Exuding sap and the presence of sawdust-like castings give the clue to their whereabouts. Whenever such indications are seen, the insects should be dug out with a knife or other sharp-pointed instrument. Those which have bored deeply into the wood may be reached by a sharp, stiff wire thrust into the hole. They can also be destroyed by cutting away the bark at the upper end of the chamber and pouring scalding water into the opening, so that it will soak through the castings.

Among the preventive remedies, alkaline washes or solutions are probably the most useful. Soft soap made to the consistency of thick paint by the addition of a strong solution of washing soda in water, is a good formula for application. It should be painted over the bark, especially about the base of the trees and upward to the main branches. If applied during the morning of a warm day, it will dry, in a few hours, forming a tenacious coating, not easily dissolved by rain. Whale oil soap can be substituted for the soft soap if desirable. A small quantity of gas-tar added to the solution will also assist in repelling the insect and will not injure the tree.—J. D. B., Michigan.

Who Knows the Secret?

Editor Farmstead:—Does any one know any remedy for a cow that refuses to "give down" for milk unless the calf is turned to her? We have one that is very aggravating in that way while we are trying to wean the calf.—W. L. D., Meadow View, Va.

Lame Rabbit.

Editor Farmstead:—I have a rabbit that is troubled with a swelling on the hind leg inside. I lost one rabbit that was hurt the same way, and it held its leg up when hopping. It began biting its legs on the lump and I killed it. What is the disease and cure? Will some one who raises Belgian hares kindly tell?—G. A. Y., Elizabeth, Col.

A Plague of Rats.

Editor Farmstead:—I am bothered by rats in my cellar, and it is very difficult to catch them in traps. Can some subscriber give a method for driving them away, something that has been tried and found effectual. If he can he will confer a great favor on many of your readers.—H. W. M., Missouri Valley, Iowa.

The Pest of Ants.

Editor Farmstead:—We want to know how to get rid of ants, little red ants about one-eighth of an inch long. Please keep this in the paper until we get a good remedy to destroy them.—C. B. G., West Palm Beach, Fla.

And Roaches, Too.

Editor Farmstead:—Will some one tell me what will kill or run off roaches?—I. N. W., Centralia, Wash.

MOISTURE IN HATCHING.

Experience of a Man With Incubator Chickens.

For eighteen years I have been using incubators and outdoor brooders, raising from 1,000 to 1,200 chicks each year. I have had four makes of incubators in that time. Am at present using two 200-egg hot air machines. I run them in a perfectly dry cellar, and have dispensed altogether with moisture machines, and besides this have not only thrown the ventilators wide open all the time, but have added two three-fourths inch auger holes and ventilators to each machine. Besides this I air out or cool down the machine and eggs always once a day from start to finish, and can get a better hatch than when I used moisture. Incubation naturally is a drying out or evaporation process instead of soaking or steaming one. Moisture forces the chick to grow in the egg until at pipping time he is so large that there is no room for him to turn around in his house to cut the shell. Consequently he pips and remains fast until death relieves him, and many even fail to pip. These that do get out by virtue of great vitality are soft, fat-looking and weak when hatched, and must be nursed intelligently to tide them over the first fifteen days of their lives. I honestly believe few chicks die in the shell and that some per cent dies in the brooder on account of too much moisture during incubation for every one that dies through lack of moisture, and then after chicks leave machine a great many are lost because of too much heat and too much feed and too little exercise.—Commercial Poultry.

RAISING CHICKENS.

Experience of a Successful Raiser of Broilers.

One must be more or less of a specialist to raise broilers successfully for the market, and unless the business is thoroughly understood it is discouraging. I would not advise any one to start in this work without a long course of preparation. That can come only through general experience with poultry, and then by attempting to raise a few broilers each year for market, increasing the output year by year and making additional facilities and improvements as the returns warrant it. To hatch out a chick and make it grow to the broiler size just when the market demands it must all be accomplished through artificial methods. It is going contrary to all of nature's rules, from the time you put the egg in the incubator until you kill and pluck the bird for market. Consequently we must understand not the laws of nature, but the rules that all have learned through long years of experience.

In every lot of young broilers some will grow faster than others, and it will be necessary to make an early classification of the strong and weak. Otherwise the strong will crowd down the weak ones, take most of the food, the best of everything, and actually keep them from growing properly through fear and intimidation. Keep the weak ones together and the strong chickens by themselves, and it may be even a third division will improve matters. The pugnacious chickens might well be kept in a separate pen, where they can fight it out among themselves and not vent their anger upon the more peaceful ones. The most important disease the young broilers and spring chickens suffer from is bowel trouble, and the food must be given to them very carefully. This is often due to the fact that the young chickens have not taken enough grit in their food to grind it properly. Chicken-size grit should be given them regularly, and if they do not take it, mix it with their mash. Grit must be eaten by the birds if their health is to be maintained, and as they grow older, large size grit must be fed to them. Bowel troubles will rarely develop where sufficient grit in one form or another is given to the birds. Growing chickens should never be crowded, and when the days are warm enough they should be given all the outdoor exercise possible. When they have to work for their food they have good digestion, and when they have that few troubles or diseases will bother them.—Annie C. Webster.

HESSIAN FLY.

How Late Must Wheat Be Sown to Escape It?

In the fall of 1900 the Ohio Experiment Station made weekly sowings of wheat from August 31 to October 26 at the Central Station at Wooster, and from September 1 to October 13 at the substation at Strongsville, 40 miles north. Other sowings were made at both places from September 18 to October 1. In both tests the first sowing was practically untouched by the fly. At Wooster, the wheat sown September 7 and 14 was more than half destroyed, and that sown September 21 was practically all destroyed by the fly. That sown September 28 made about three-fourths of a crop, and that sown after October 1 escaped injury. At Strongsville the injury culminated in the sowings of September 15 to 18, the wheat sown on the later date being almost completely destroyed. On wheat sown after September 25 there was but little injury.

At Columbus, wheat sown October 4, and 5 suffered but little. In the southern part of the state wheat sown before October 10 was considerably injured, while that sown after that date measurably escaped.

It will be observed that the dates of safety from fly indicated by these experiments are generally later than it has heretofore been supposed to be necessary to wait to avoid the fly; but in 1877 Professor A. J. Cook, writing of the disastrous attack of fly in that state, observed that destructive attack was repeatedly observed on wheat sown as late as September 20, and Director C. D. Smith, of the Michigan Experiment station, has reported severe injury to wheat sown there the 20th of last September.

It seems, therefore, that the date of actual safety, in seasons of general prevalence of this pest, is so late as to incur as great risk from winter-killing as the ordinary risk from the fly. The farmer who will observe closely, however, has it in his power to reduce his risk somewhat by the following method: Sow a part of the crop at a medium early date, say September 5 to 7 for Northern Ohio, to September 15 to 18 for the southern part of the state, and then in about three weeks examine the wheat plants very carefully at the point where the well known "flax seeds" of the fly are found. It will be too early as yet to find the "flax seeds," but if the fly has commenced its work the very small, white maggots which later develop into the "flax seeds" should be found sucking the juice from the plant. These maggots are at first so small that it will require close searching to discover them, and a magnifying glass of low power will be a help, though not absolutely necessary.

If the maggots are found it will be wise to delay seeding a few days longer; but if none are found the whole crop may be sown with good assurance of escape.

The advantages of this method are not only that it will enable us to discover whether the fly is present in injurious numbers at an earlier date, but that if the fly be present it will probably be attracted to the early sown wheat and induced to deposit all its eggs, thus effectually protecting the wheat sown later. To accomplish this object a considerable area must be sown, for we have had no evidence that the tenth-acre plot used in our experiments in early and late seeding have exerted any protective influence on the remainder of the field in which they were located. On the other hand, we have work to be made at about the dates when the weekly sowings were most severely attacked.

Numerous instances have been reported in which wheat sown one day has been attacked by fly, while that sown the day following has escaped. These can only be satisfactorily explained on the assumption that the earlier sown wheat attracted the fly and proved sufficient in area to occupy all the flies in the immediate neighborhood.

In case of an injurious attack developing upon the early sown wheat it should be turned under, in order to destroy the insects and prevent a further attack the following spring. The cost of turning under and reseeding would usually be small in comparison to the loss which would result from the fall attack and from carrying over a crop of flies to prey upon the crop during the spring.

Profitable Feeding of Corn.

Among those of our Cincinnati business men who are interested in farming operations is Mr. C. G. Neff, president of the Bradford Belting Company. Mr. Neff and a brother operate a large farm in Green county, Ohio, the brother giving his time and service to directing the affairs there. Mr. Neff this week reported some tests made in feeding hogs. He believes farming operations should be conducted with an eye to a knowledge of condition and results, and in the feeding of hogs he has adopted the use of scales on which to determine the weight of the animals from time to time, making records calculated to indicate the gain from a known quantity of feed, and determining when the gain ceases to be profitable. In recent tests he reports having realized over thirteen pounds increase in weight from feeding a bushel of corn. This is one-third more than the general calculation as to average results from feeding corn in the usual way to hogs. At this rate, if hogs were salable at $4.75 per 100 pounds, 62 cents per bushel would be realized for corn thus converted. This makes no allowance for labor or other features incident to feeding operations, but such a test makes it strikingly plain that it pays much better to market the grain in this manner than by shipment.

Handling Comb Honey.

How to keep honey that has been taken off the hives during July until marketing time, is a problem to most housekeepers. I once had some nice comb honey destroyed by the wax worm eating the cappings off the surface, which set the honey dripping. If it were not that the bees soil the white capping, we would have honey remain on the hives until wanted, but, as this is not always advisable, we must devise some means to keep it more perfectly. nA upper room, where the temperature is over 80 degrees, is most desirable, with some air circulating. The windows, however, should be securely screened against our little enemy, the moth miller, which does so much mischief, for it is this insect which lays its eggs into the vacant cells of the combs and in due time the wax worm emerges and begins to destroy the delicate cappings. Honey cannot be kept in a cool cellar like other delicacies, for there it would spoil quicker than anywhere, but we must aim to keep it as the bees do—warm, dry and free from insect pests. Comb honey that has been stored away should be examined occasionally and, if worms are already present, they can be destroyed with sulphur, which, however, should be used with great caution.—American Agriculturist.

Pasteurizing Cider.

During recent years the pasteurization of cider has been practiced even by makers of small quantities. Of course, as in the pasteurization of milk, the idea is simply to kill some of the most active germs, which will delay fermentation. The process consists of gradually heating the cider in closed vessels to a temperature of from 140 to 160 degrees and holding it at that temperature for about 10 minutes. It should then be cooled and stored in barrels or bottles at once. It is necessary to heat it in a closed vessel to prevent the escape of alcohol and what is technically known as bouget.

The devices used for pasteurizing cider consist in a general way of a vessel into which the cider is poured. This is surrounded by a water jacket. Hot water is introduced until the desired temperature is secured. After it has been held at the proper temperature for about 10 minutes, cold water is run into the jacket, and the temperature of the cider reduced to that of the storage house.—American Agriculturist.

Cultivate Peach Orchards.

J. S. Woodward writes in the Rural New Yorker:

"Under no circumstances would I allow a peach or plum orchard to be used for pasture at any age. In my experience and observation, one may just as well pull out and destroy either a peach or plum orchard, especially the peach, as to neglect the cultivation one year for a series year. Peaches and plums are both gross feeders, and in order to have them bear regularly and produce fine fruit they must be not only fed liberally, but must be cultivated. I cannot endorse Mr. Plumb's advice when he says: "Sow the stubble plowed under, the seed should be much benefited. A worse thing could not be done than to

Question Bureau.

RULES—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers would be free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, nor concerning prices of coins. 6.—No answers by mail.

Poe's Raven.

"What is the meaning, sentiment and object of Edgar Allan Poe's poem entitled The Raven?"—J. M. P., Hale, Mo.

The poet Poe was of an exceedingly high-strung and sensitive temperament, and given to periods of excitement. During these times, his mind was projected into the future, or into imaginative mysteries. Like all men of this disposition, Poe had a sentimental weakness for women, and at different times in his life adored a great many besides his wife. His wife, Virginia, was very young, and at the time the poem was written, was very ill. Poe was very anxious about her, and remorseful over the fact that he had allowed his affections to stray; and it is considered probable by his biographers, although his own account was entirely different, that The Raven was written as an expression of his remorse, and foreshadowed his own idea of his feelings should his wife be taken away by death.

The Crusades.

"How many lives were sacrificed during the Christian crusades against the Mohammedans in trying to possess Jerusalem and Palestine?"—I. D. A., Durand, Wis.

The crusades or holy wars were inaugurated by Peter Gautier, called Peter the Hermit, a French officer of Amiens, who had quitted the military profession and travelled as a pilgrim to Jerusalem. On his return, he deplored to Pope Urban II. the fact that infidels should be in possession of the Sacred City. Urban convened a council of bishops at Clermont, in France, at which the ambassadors of the chief Christian potentates assisted, and which authorized Peter the Hermit to excite Europe to a general war. In A. D. 1094, the first crusade was begun and in 1095 an army of 300,000 men was put in the field, under Peter's command. The first crusade was followed by a long series of others, all of which failed, at the cost of over two million lives.

First Atlantic Cable.

"Cyrus Field's Atlantic cable, I presume, consisted of several metallic wires twisted together. What was the diameter of the cable thus made?"—M., Wayne, W. Va.

The writer's family has in its possession a piece of Cyrus Field's first Atlantic cable, and he knows it well, as he cut his teeth on it. The cable was constructed of a central copper wire, about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Around this were a circle of four or five other copper wires of a smaller size. These central wires were bedded in and surrounded by a waterproof composition, which in turn was wrapped in a covering of small steel wires, which gave the completed cable the appearance of a rope. The diameter of the cable was about one-half inch. This cable was successfully laid, and was operated just long enough to demonstrate the feasibility of the idea, when it was broken by some unknown cause, and never used again; but it was soon replaced by another.

"Uncle Sam."

"Whence came the saying, 'Uncle Sam,' and when did it originate?"—J. M. H., Fremont, O.

The name, Uncle Sam, as applied to the United States, originated in this way:

During the war of 1812 a man named Samuel Wilson was government inspector at Troy, of pork and beef, purchased by the government. The cases containing the provisions shipped to the government by a contractor named Elbert Anderson were marked with his initials, E. A., and below U. S., standing for United States. One of the government workmen, new at the task, asked the meaning of U. S. and was jocularly informed that it meant Uncle Sam Wilson. This pleasantry was repeated in various forms, and Wilson was congratulated on the extent of his property, as many cases passing there were so marked. The story spread and took firm root, and to-day the allusion is everywhere understood.

George Rogers Clark.

"Please give me a history of the life of George Rogers Clark, especially his expedition in the wilderness, including route, number of men, commanders of forts, battles and general adventures."—C. R., Naples, Ill.

George Rogers Clark was born near Monticello, Va., Nov. 19, 1752, and died near Louisville, Ky., Feb. 18, 1818. He fitted himself for a lawyer and in 1775 moved to Kentucky. But as there was much trouble with the Indians, he became a natural leader of the people in defense of their homes. In 1777, he conceived the and receiving approval and aid in 1778 he formed an expedition and established a idea of conquering the Illinois country, post at Corn Island, opposite the present site of Louisville, where he drilled his men and planted corn. On June 20, he set sail, passed the rapids in safety, and landed at old Fort Massac, from which place he marched six days across the country, and took Kaskaskia by surprise on July 4. The other French villages in that quarter surrendered at discretion. These proceedings alarmed the British at Detroit, and Gen. Hamilton marched a large force and took Vincennes early in December. This intelligence soon reached Kaskaskia, and Clark set out across the country, in midwinter, and surprised the astonished British at Vincennes, forcing them to surrender. The weakness of his force, and the poverty of Virginia alone prevented Clark from following up his advantage by capturing Detroit. Early in 1780, the British attempted to take Cahokia, Clark's upper garrison, but by a forced march he was able to repel the enemy. Learning that another force had invaded Kentucky, he hastened to the rescue. Although too late to prevent trouble, he gathered a large force and invaded the Shawnee country, defeated the Indians, and laid waste their territory. For a number of years his life was occupied in combating the savages, who were instigated by the British to attack the settlers, and his last great service was in 1782, when he attacked the Indians on the Great Miami, driving them back, and destroying their villages. Clark's later years were spent in poverty and obscurity, although all that rich part of our country north and west of the Ohio was secured to us by by his prowess.

Levi P. Morton.

"Did Levi P. Morton ever run against David B. Hill for governor of New York, and in what years also result?"—Subscriber, Golconda, Ill.

Levi P. Morton was the successful candidate for governor of New York in 1894. He was opposed by David B. Hill and Everett P. Wheeler, Democrats; F. E. Baldwin, Prohibitionist, and Charles B. Matthews, Socialist.

The Future Tense.

"'Shall' and 'will' are, according to grammar, the signs of the future tense; but in common conversation 'am going,' or 'are going' are very frequently used as signs of the future tense. Thus 'I am going to do so and so' is quite as frequent as 'I shall do.' Is the former good English, or is it ungrammatical?"—E. H. R., Rockwell, C.

You confuse two ideas. In the second case, the phrases you give are not "signs of the future tense." The speaker is indicating his purpose, at the present time, of doing something in the future. In those expressions, he uses the present tense, because it is the time of his purpose, not the time of the proposed act. The distinction is clear. The latter forms are well recognized as good English.

Capital Punishment.

"Please tell me what states, if any, have abolished capital punishment?"—Y. M. L., West Lafayette, O.

The states in which the death penalty has been abolished by law are Colorado, Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin. It was abolished in Iowa in 1872, and restored in 1878.

Income Tax Laws.

"Did we ever have an income tax law up to 1860? Was the income tax law enacted during the civil war pronounced constitutional by the Supreme court? Was there ever a test case brought before the court? In the income tax law in the Wilson tariff, was the decision against it unanimous?"—P. S., Lebanon, Ore.

The first income tax law ever enacted by Congress was that passed in the civil war, to raise money to carry on the war. There was no case ever brought before the Supreme court to test its constitutionality. There were two different cases brought involving the income tax clause of the Wilson law. The court was divided on both. The details are technical and voluminous, and we cannot give them. The point sustained was that the income tax clause of the Wilson law did not levy this tax in proportion to population and hence was unconstitutional. The constitution says, Article 1, Section 9, Clause 4: "No capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census." The question of difference was whether this was a direct tax, and this the majority of the court sustained.

Court of St. James.

"The imperial court of London is styled the court of St.James; whence the name?"—Subscriber, Va.

The imperial court of Great Britain is and has been officially known as the Court of St. James since the time of Henry VIII., and derives its name from St. James' palace, which was the official residence of British kings from Henry VIII to George IV. This palace was erected about 1536, by Henry VIII, and was named from the unromantic fact that it was built on a site at the south end of St. James street, formerly occupied by a leper hospital, which was dedicated to St. James the Less.

Trades Unions.

"Will you please point out some of the principal gains and benefits which are due to organized labor, as it exists in unions and federations in this country? Are there any hospitals, homes for aged and infirm workmen and their families, schools, colleges or other beneficient institutions in existence in this country through the efforts of organized labor? Is it true that owners, managers and superintendents of large manufacturing industries, do, as a class, become or are hard hearted, tyrannical and disposed to reduce their employes to a state of serfdom and bondage? On the other hand, will you point out some of the principal injuries, wrongs and losses which are traceable to acts and influences of organized labor, such as strikes, boycotts and their attendant demonstrations. Please sum up an approximate percentage of right and wrong emanating from the existence of such organizations, as conducted throughout the country, and whether their existence, as a business proposition is profitable to the members."—J. C. P., Sedalia, Mo.

The labor movement, in spite of its many troubles, remains the most significant social ferment of our time. It stands for the combinations of workmen, trades unions, for the purpose of watching over and advancing their own interests. The earliest of these interests was to secure a legal footing, and to advance wages. These primary purposes have been partially gained, and, becoming less urgent, have given place to a large number of secondary purposes, as to whose value there can be no dispute. Among these are aid for the unemployed, assistance in securing labor, providing tools, relief for the sick and superannuated, and help in any sudden emergency. Trades unions have been successful in securing a rise in wages. This rise, with the increase in the purchasing power of money, has altered the condition of workmen very much for the better, and gives promise of being permanent. A most manifest guide of these organizations has been the spirit of council, sympathy and assistance they have called out in their members. The ends pursued have been increasingly self-helpful and less and less belligerent. The educating power of this action has been incalculable. Trades unions have come to understand partially the stern limits set by the facts of the commercial world, and to shape their actions to the possibilities of each particular case. This lesson has as yet been but partly learned, and that by bitter experience. The evils of trades unions are without exception due to shortsightedness, and to hasty action in individual cases, under the sting of possible defeat and without regard to the future. The greatest lack of trades unions has been their want of broad-minded, far-seeing leaders. As a rule, and almost by virtue of necessity, the leaders are chosen from among themselves, and not for any particular fitness for the office, but because of personal popularity. This has resulted in great harm to the unions, in the fact that they are badly led and their opponents are quick to take advantage of this weakness. The power of trades unions is inherently great, a fact that is recognized by both the men and their employers, and there is a temptation too great to be resisted by narrow and ignorant minds to use this power tyrannically. Unfortunately, this weakness is only too frequently apparent, and is the great and probable bar to the complete success of trades unionism. To fully appreciate and understand the labor movement, it is necessary to go back to the middle of the 15th century, the beginning of the age of steam and machinery, and get the condition of labor, which was then the mudsill which stood the foundation of the prosperity and ease of all other classes. No fair minded man, acquainted with those conditions and with the successive steps by which labor has lifted itself to its present condition of manhood and enlightenment but will applaud the wonderful work it has done, and wish it success in the future.

Of course the charges as to employers of labor that you mention are not sustained by the facts. It is impossible, also, to reduce the matter to percentages, as you ask.

The Solar Plexus.

"How did the term solar plexus originate, and what part of the anatomy does it designate?"—A. H. P., Arcata, Cal.

This is a medical term and applies to an assemblage of nerves. It is a sort of central station of the nerves of the abdomen. It is connected with the great sympathetic nerve and gives off and the nervous filaments of the abdominal cavity. It is located just below the apex of the ribs and may readily be located by a smart tap on the body at that point.

Largest Blast Furnace.

"Where is the largest blast furnace in the world?"—T. J. C., Sand Run, O.

In these days of dizzy speed in the advance of the iron industry, statistics concerning it are hardly recorded before they are ancient history. It is therefore impossible for us to say definitely which is the largest blast furnace in the world. Not many years ago furnaces producing ten tons of pig iron a day were satisfactory, and when one was built to produce a hundred tons it was considered a wonder, but now plants producing thousands of tons are not uncommon. It would not be rash to say that the largest blast furnace in the world is located in America and within a hundred miles of Pittsburg.

The Tobacco Tax.

"Will you kindly inform me why tobacco is not cheaper now than it was before the tax was taken off on July 1 last. Does that money go to the tobacco trust or are the dealers making that much more profit?"—J. R. B., Grindstone, N. Y.

The tax on manufactured tobacco was not taken off entirely by the last Congress, but it was reduced, and more than one consumer is asking himself and his neighbors what has become of the reduction. It certainly has not reached the writer yet, as he still receives but a scant one and a-half cents ounces of smoking tobacco for his hard earned nickel instead of the old-time two ounces. While the Spanish war was in progress and we were remembering the Maine, it was no unfashionable to put up with the skimpy package. But now that our government is fighting a surplus instead of Spaniards it is time for the good old plump package to appear again. We believe and hope that it will at no far distant day.

The Lone Star State.

"Why is Texas called the 'Lone Star State'?"—R. M. M., Rita, Tenn.

The nickname of Texas refers to the device on the flag and seal of the republic of Texas, which was adopted to indicate the isolation of the republic. The flag was of white silk, with an azure star, and was presented to the Georgia battalion, a volunteer organization fighting for the liberation of Texas from Mexico, in 1835. The seal and signet of the republic of Texas showed a white star surrounded by oak and olive branches on a blue field and is in use to this day.

Tribute to Algiers.

"Please tell me why the United States had to pay tribute to the Dey of Algiers."—I. H. M., Hoover's Run, Pa.

The United States paid tribute to the Dey of Algiers to save its commerce in the Mediterranean sea from destruction. Algiers is located on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, and for many years sent out piratical vessels to prey upon the commerce of other nations. As early as 1785 two American vessels had been captured and their crews held for ransom. The United States had no navy, and was powerless to protect its commerce by force. So there was nothing to be done but pay the tribute demanded, and submit to the accompanying humiliation. It would have been little trouble for the nations of the world to have united and destroyed this pest, as they all, save Portugal, suffered and paid tribute alike, but Algiers was secretly upheld and encouraged by England for the purpose of injuring France. In 1815 the United States determined to pay tribute no longer and sent Commodore Decatur with a squadron to humble the Dey. Decatur found the Algerine pirate fleet cruising for American vessels. He destroyed the corsairs, entered the Bay of Algiers (June 28), demanded the instant surrender of all American prisoners, full indemnification for all property destroyed, and absolute relinquishment of all claims to tribute from the United States thereafter, to all of which demands the terrified Dey gladly assented.

Rubber Boots.

"When were rubber boots first manufactured?"—A. C. B., Ankeny, Iowa.

The exact date the first pair of rubber boots was made does not appear in the records. They were probably made in England, and the first mention made of them or of a similar article—the rubber shoe—is in 1823, when 500 pairs were imported into Boston from England. The early manufacture of rubber articles was not satisfactory, however, on account of the softening effect of heat; and it was not until Goodyear made his discovery, in 1839, of the use of sulphur in connection with rubber, making it firm at all ordinary temperatures, that it come into general use.

French Spoliation Claims.

W. A. L., Topeka, Kan.: You are not quite correct in your facts. The French government paid the United States a lump sum, thus settling all claims against that government. But all claims of individuals to obtain any share of it must be by suit in the Court of Claims at Washington. You would better see your Congressman, and have him find the facts regarding your claim.

Rotary Engines.

"Has there been an United States patent granted on a rotary steam engine? Can a patent be secured without aid of patent attorney? If so, please give method."—A. M. S., Landers, Ind.

There have been dozens of patents granted on rotary engines. Your cheapest course is to employ a good patent attorney, and find out first if your invention has been anticipated by some previous patentee. If not, then apply for a patent. A man can get a patent without the aid of an attorney, but in your case it would be foolish to try the plan.

An Impossible Question.

"Please name the ten wealthiest men in the United States, naming the wealthiest first and so on down."—B. F. M., Clay, Va.

All such questions are impossible to answer correctly. There is no way of finding out. Men do not make public the amount of their wealth. Can you make a correct list of the ten wealthiest men in your county? Of course you can not. We know that sensational newspapers publish such lists, but they are fakes, made up from rumor, not from facts.

A War Relic.

Editor Blade:—I have a war relic, which is a piece of bacon. I drew it on May 3, 1864, one day's rations of Nassau pork, at Orange Court-house, Va. It is in good condition now.—R. C. W., Bobbett, N. C.

Miscellaneous.

E. T. C., Stithton, Ky.: We have no idea where a copy can be found.

J. T. H., Graychapel, N. C.: There are but 45 stars on the United States flag, because there are but 45 states.

L. E., Russell, Kan.: The 20th U. S. Infantry is in the Philippines. Address all mail matter to Manila, giving letter of company and number of regiment.

U. G. Y., Peach Tree, N. C.: The matter is one in charge of the "Superintendent of Free Delivery, Postoffice Department, Washington, D. C." Write to him about it.

J. B. R., Smithville, Tenn.: We never heard of such an organization, and would advise you to write to some one in the place where it has headquarters, to find out facts.

S. R., Diller, Neb.: We can not give premium on old coins, nor publish addresses of dealers, for the latter would be a free advertisement. Please read Rules at the head of this department.

H. G., Bright, Tenn.: We have a very poor opinion of the correspondence method of instruction in law. Consult some good attorney, and take his advice. If you have the right metal in you, you will succeed.

TRAGTION MOTOR INSTEAD OF HORSE

Since L. M. Maxham and A. B. Upham, of Boston, have designed the new form of motor vehicle shown in the cut it is not unlikely that the Boston maidens will shortly be seen taking morning rides in the park in their electric dogcarts, holding the reins with all the style and grace now seen in the handling of their steeds of flesh and blood, the only missing adjunct being the whip, for which there really seems to be no use now. The invention has at least one practical feature, and that is that it permits an ordinary carriage to be connected

TRACTION MOTOR FOR THE CARRIAGE.

to the carriage motor with but little or no alteration, the storage batteries and motor affording sufficient weight to insure a good grip on the surface of the road. Instead of supplying the carriage with levers and switches for controlling the motor this is accomplished through the medium of reins, which will probably seem more natural to the person accustomed to driving, and should answer the purpose quite as well. Ordinarily the "autohorse" is rigidly connected with the front axle by passing the forward ends of the reins through clamps and then back on the thills, and to turn the carriage a pull on the reins releases the clamps and allows the motor to be turned to either side. To start the vehicle the reins are relaxed sufficiently to allow a spring lever to turn a switch, and a simultaneous pull on the reins not only closes this switch but applies a brake.

A Remarkable Objection.

We see stated that, in a civil case before one of our courts, the defendant's counsel has entered a plea of exception to the form, claiming that no writ can legally issue or run in the name of Edward VII, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland, etc., Defender of the Faith, until His Majesty has been solemnly crowned as King. If this objection, which is apparently of the hair-splitting order, were to be maintained, the consequences would be serious to the system plate. We would be declared to be without a sovereign and our courts might as well shut up until the coronation takes place next year. It seems to us, however, that the British legal authorities would never expose the empire to such danger if the validity of His Majesty's authority to act as the figurehead of the law was at all open to challenge before coronation.—Quebec Telegraph.

The Turning of the Worm.

"I never say any one who behaved so silly in public as Mr. Gusher," remarked Mrs. Henpeck. "He always calls his wife 'Dear.' It's ridiculous."

"It is so," replied Henpeck, with unwonted temerity. "How can o man call his wife 'dear,' in view of the fact that 'talk is cheap.'"—Philadelphia Press.

PILES TRIAL TREATMENT FREE. We will forfeit $50 for any case of Internal, External or Bleeding Piles that Germa Pile Cure fails to cure. Instant and permanent relief. Write at once. Germa Medical Co., 35 E. 24 St., Cincinnati, O.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

Two Noxious Weeds Which Poison People—How to Destroy Them.

There are two poisonous plants, native to the United States, which should be destroyed. They are the poison ivy and poison oak. They are different species, but their poisonous qualities are the same. The Harvard medical school botanist, Dr. Franz Pfaff, has described the poison ivy as follows:

"A climbing, trailing shrub (sometimes erect), with variable three-foliate leaves, aerial rootlets, and greenish flowers appearing in May and June. The smooth, waxy, white fruit often remains on the plant until late in winter. The leaves often resemble those of the box elder. They differ from those of the Virginia creeper in having only three leaflets instead of five. Poison ivy grows everywhere in open brush, in ravines and on the borders of woods, and it is spread alongside roadsides and cultivated fields from seeds carried by crows, woodpeckers and other birds that feed upon its fruit in winter. Through ignorance or carelessness and at the imminent risk of causing great bodily discomfort to many persons this vine is sometimes planted about suburban and even city residences for the sake of ornament. It grows wild in abundance throughout the United States as far west as Texas, Eastern Kansas and in Minnesota, and in greater or less abundance throughout the arid region of the West with the exception of California, where it is unknown.

The poison oak differs from its sister species mainly in the character of its leaflets, which are somewhat thicker and smaller, more nearly elliptical and less sharply toothed. Their similarity to the leaves of the Western oaks gives the plant its name. The poison oak grows at low elevations in open woods,

THE POISON OAK PLANT.

THE POISON IVY PLANT.

on bushy hillsides and ravines and sometimes along fences. It does not, however, frequent the higher mountains.

"This species produces about the same effect on the human skin as the poison ivy, and cases of poisoning are to be treated in the same way."

The poison may be taken either by contact or, where subjects are very susceptible, from the effluvia. Cutaneous eruptions arise, causing an annoying itching, but the eruptions do not spread if they are carefully guarded, which very clearly shows that the affection does not extend to the blood.

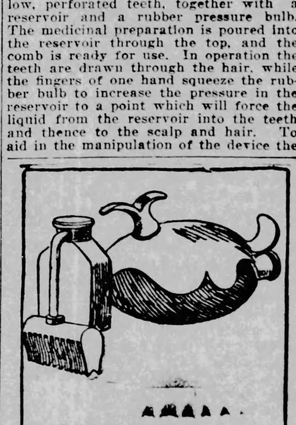
The remedies suggested by the Department of Agriculture are the following: Alcoholic sugar of lead is to be principally relied upon, but in practice it is very desirable to use strong alcohol, which is apt to be too irritating to a sensitive surface, but a weaker grade of from 60 to 75 per cent is recommended. To this the powdered sugar of lead is to be added until no more will easily dissolve. The milky fluid should then be well rubbed into the affected skin and the operation repeated several times during the course of a few days. The itching is at once relieved and the further spread of the eruption is checked. This remedy has always proved successful. It is to be remembered, however, that the lead solution is itself very poisonous if taken internally.

Personal contact is, with some persons, not necessary to the taking of the poison. Recent experiments made by Professor Franz Pfaff, of the Harvard university medical school, and reported by the United States Department of Agriculture, show that the poison is a non-volatile oil and that it may be conveyed in its odors. It is found in all parts of the plant, even in the wood, after long drying. Like all oils, it is insoluble in water, and cannot therefore be washed off the skin with water alone. It is readily removed by alcohol and very easily destroyed by an alcoholic solution of sugar of lead. It being of such a nature, persons are liable to take the poison who do not come very near to it. Cases where there has been no contact are of frequent occurrence.

It is highly desirable that legal measures be adopted compelling the destruction of these plants. A recent publication by the United States Department of Agriculture makes it plain that this can easily be done. There will be some danger from the poison to those engaged in the doing of it, unless only those who are immune are selected to do the work. Many individuals are immune, but how, in every instance this is to be known in advance is not stated. Much of the work would be purely mechanical, consisting of rooting the plants up by fork or hoe. This is said to be the most certain method, but concentrated sulphuric acid is effective for the purpose, and may be used with less danger, as the plants do not need to be touched. The direction given by the agricultural department is, apply half a teaspoonful of the acid to the stem every two or three weeks in the springtime, when the plant is growing most vigorously. Care should be taken to keep the acid away from the skin, as it is most highly corrosive. The brush should in no case be left upon the ground nor in the wood used for fuel. In burning the refuse in the field pains should be taken not to inhale the smoke nor to handle the wood with bare hands. The greatest care should be exercised in preventing workmen from transferring the oil from their clothing and hands to other individuals. The agricultural department recommends to accomplish this object special suits to be worn and the washing of the hands several times a day with the alcoholic solution of lead described above. Bathing in hot water with strong soapsuds is also recommended. The clothing, too, must be well washed and it is always well to remember that towels may be a means of conveying the oil.

FOUNTAIN COMB FOR TREATING HAIR

The difficulty of applying medicinal preparations to the scalp and hair evenly and thoroughly has led Samuel L. Myers, of Texarkana, Ark., to design for this purpose the fountain comb shown in the accompanying illustration. It consists of a comb of peculiar shape, having hollow, perforated teeth, together with a reservoir and a rubber pressure bulb. The medicinal preparation is poured into the reservoir through the top, and the comb is ready for use. In operation the teeth are drawn through the hair, while the fingers of one hand squeeze the rubber bulb to increase the pressure in the reservoir to a point which will force the liquid from the reservoir into the teeth and thence to the scalp and hair. To aid in the manipulation of the device the



MEDICAL TREATMENT FOR THE SCALP.

bulb is partially covered by a metallic shield, from which project curved studs to lie between the fingers and afford a firm grip with one hand.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.

The Wrong Climatic Agent.

Dakota Farmer—Somebody went and asked that Boston preacher to pray for rain.

Second Dakota Farmer—Yes, blame it; and look what we got—we got hail.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE DANDELION'S ROMANCE.

For reincarnation, infinite in numbers, Dandelion had been wooed, persistently by Western Wind. In early spring-time when her golden head peeps up from the green of the earth-carpet, she coquettishly nods and smiles at him as he passes her by, with his fresh, brisk energy born of a colder clime, never without an affectionate caress, and loving message which makes her droop her tiny head to hide the tell-tale blush.

She has a dim intuition of Western Wind's fickleness, so dim she dismisses the thought, deeming it vague fancies of her hitherto temperament.

For hours at a time he does not come near her. It is then that Bleeding Heart, his great white arms extended to embrace her, tries to comfort her loneliness and to atone for her lover's absence by words and acts of endearment. With only the pure white clover to hear the old, sweet story, the passionate love tale of her youthful companion has almost won her, when Western Wind comes tossing playfully up to her so cold and chilly with her tardy embrace but warmed by his ardent kisses and fervent love. Then Dandelion again forgets that it 'is not always so. Her poor little playmate has another hemorrhage of the heart, which makes him look rosier and more robust than ever, but in reality indicates a fever, which is dangerous to such a delicate constitution.

Western Wind, knowing of the little play behind the scenes, gives him some sharp boxes upon the ear, and, in his fury, throws his wiry body violently to the earth, all of which is good for Bleeding Heart's circulation. Repeated encounters develop his muscles and strengthen him for his future existence. It is thus he grows more sturdy and enduring while Dandelion becomes more frail, with the occasional periods of neglect, on the part of Western Wind. There are plenty of debutantes in the social world to divert his constancy; the Snowball, the Iris and the Violet share his love-making. Then the wavering here of victory transfers his affection to the Pink and the Rose. When he aspires to royalty he unblushingly carries his suit up to the lofty Lilac.

His dauntless will knows no failure, and persistency is his virtue. For many dry, warm June days at a time little Dandelion watches and waits for his sweet words and caresses. Were it not for Bleeding Heart she would remorsefully die; all her associates knew her secret, none but Bleeding Heart can comfort her declining years, and his loyalty is the blessing of her old age. Silver threads one by one replace the bright gold ones of her shining head, until the golden sheen becomes a soft silver light. So transformed is she by this evidence of her disappointed, blighted life that Western Wind now fails to recognize in her the little beauty of his early friendship.

Blow after blow from this cold, unresponsive lover congeals her blood and banishes the life from her body. Finally her white, flaky ashes are scattered to the four winds, and the tall, dark, stocky habitation of her earthly existence stands a forlorn monument of her departed glory.

Western Wind is often heard moaning about her resting-place, in a desolate fashion. It surely is a wail of a disconsolate soul, but his mission is not ended, and there are other conquests to make.

Bleeding Heart has mourned to the end. Gradually his life-blood has ebbed back to the great source of life, from which he shall come forth again. Hand to hand the flower souls shall awake again to the realization of another earthly pilgrimage. Dandelion will love the fickle Western Wind and Bleeding Heart will love Dandelion in the same old way. The same lessons to learn over again, only a little more strength for resistance than before.

When the strength will have become sufficient, then the flower will be overcome.

JESSIE MARVIN.

The Sunday School.

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 22. Temperance Lesson. Prov. xxii:29-35. By J. E. Gilbert, D. D., Secretary of American Society of Religious Education.

INTRODUCTION—A king of Israel, said to have been the wisest of men (Matt. xii:42), is appointed the teacher for to-day. After the lapse of three thousand years he will instruct the fifteen millions of children and youth who assemble in Christian Sunday schools. The lesson is one of the utmost personal interest, a theme upon which ministers and philanthropists, reformers and legislators have bestowed their best thought. How strange that vice and sin should so perpetually claim their victims! After all the centuries those deluded by strong drink are as numerous as they were in the early ages. It appears that in Solomon's time all was understood concerning the ravages of this terrible habit. He seems to have had in mind the very things now common among us, and he sought as good people now do to turn men from their cups. Will not the warnings of the centuries be heard and heeded? Or, will they be despised?

EFFECTS (Verse 29.)—First is presented the awful picture of evils resulting to the individual who uses intoxicating liquors. The presentment is made interrogative, the better to call attention to the series of misfortunes themselves, under six heads. Woe, calamity coming upon a person by untoward circumstance and inflicting pain; sorrow, grief rising up from within through the consideration of one's unhappy lot; contentions, strivings with others of various kinds, such as fighting and disputing; babbling, confused and incoherent speech, as when the tongue is not under control; wounds, whether of body or mind, physical and spiritual hurts or injuries; redness of eyes, inflamed balls or lids uncomfortable to the person and disagreeable to others—a kind of summary of things which all would gladly escape. Who has all these together? Who draws them upon himself by his own conduct? Who carries them with him day by day as a constant possession? The question was intended to provoke reflection.

CAUSE (Verse 30.)—These effects all proceed from one and the same cause. They are so many streams pouring out of one bad fountain. Solomon follows up the course of each and finds the source and points it out to answer his own question. The persons so afflicted are wine-drinkers, and excessive drinkers at that. They are not satisfied with a single glass, but they sit long to indulge their appetite (Eph. v:18.) The convivial habits of ancients, and moderns were much the same. Because of pleasurable sensations much time was passed in social converse and indulgence. What is first satisfied became afterward unpalatable. To increase the enjoyment the wines were mixed and drugged, and the devotee sought these eagerly to maintain the pleasures of the hour (Psalm lxxv:8.) Thus frequently an interchange of friendly greeting, comparatively harmless, was turned into a prolonged debauch, bringing the consequences above named. Here then is royal exposure of drunkenness, the chief vice of oriental courts and of high life everywhere and always.

ADVICE (Verse 31.) How may these ruinous results be avoided? That vexatious question has divided the people of our time into numerous parties. There are those who would prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, holding that it is the duty of society to protect the individual. Others would regulate the traffic, giving authority only to reputable people to conduct the business after prescribed rules, claiming that prohibition is impossible and an infringement upon personal rights. Some plead for the moderate use of intoxicants and say that every man must judge for himself. Listen to Solomon who, without determining the duty of society, calls every person to stand firmly in support of his own best interest on the basis of total abstinence. "Look not upon the wine when it has become intoxicating." So is the meaning of the advice here given, and this accords with the combined judgment of the best people who now labor in temperance reforms.

POISON (Verse 32.)—Why such extreme teaching? Why total abstinence? Solomon might have argued against moderate drinking as many now do showing that it is the way to excess. All drunkards were once moderate drinkers, and all moderate drinkers are liable to be drunkards. Therefore, touch not, taste not. That would be good logic and moral prudence. But he preferred a surer way. He looks steadily at the constituent properties of the alcoholic drink and finds there what cannot be allowed with safety even in a small degree. He was no chemist. It was reserved for the Arabs at a later date to find and name what he knew to be present, what he knew moreover by its baneful influence. It was a poison of the most virulent kind, which might indeed be used for a time, but whose work would surely though gradually be done. In the end, and no one could tell when, its venom would be like the bite of a serpent, like the sting of the adder (Gen. xlix:17.) It was therefore not to be trifled with. There was but one wise and safe course to be pursued—it must be let alone.

RESULT (Verse 32.)—The bite of the serpent and the sting of the adder cause more than temporary discomfort. They infect into the system what deranges and corrupts and destroys. So the poison contained in intoxicating beverages works its mischievous results in every part of a man's nature. It has a strange power to inflame the passions and awaken unholy desires. The vice of drunkenness is generally attended by the most loathsome forms of licentiousness. In our day the saloon and the brothel are in close neighborhood and often in partnership. Solomon calls attention to this fact, showing how man is dragged down to a life of impurity. (Gen. xix:32), so that his heart sends forth out of its disordered state perverse and indecent words. Obscenity is one of the invariable accompaniments of debauchery. The man who descends to that level has well nigh defaced the divine and human and enthroned the beast.

PERIL (Verse 24.)—Under such circumstances the process of degeneration is very rapid, and the sense of insecurity constantly increases. The man addicted to strong drink is constantly in peril. By loss of physical vigor, by disturbance of moral faculties, by the awakening of appetite and vile affections, he selects ways that are not only bad in themselves but which are beset by destructive influences. Within and without are perpetual menaces. His condition is as perilous as that of one who lies down to sleep upon the top of a mast of a vessel at sea, where by the waves and storms he is liable at any moment to lose his balance and to be drowned. All this is verified in the lives of the many who meet violent deaths while intoxicated. (2 Sam xiii:28.) If the list of such casualties in any community could be published the people would be shocked, and all would see what frightful sacrifices of life are made to the demon of alcohol.

BONDAGE (Verse 35.)—Strong drink leads man steadily on from one stage to another until he becomes a most abject slave. Among the earlier proofs of his bondage is a growing hallucination that the evils that have been brought upon him by his own actions were really inflicted by others. He fancies himself stricken by some enemy and beaten for offenses of which he was not guilty, so that he has resented as an injury what should have led to repentance. (Jer. xxxiii:5.) The results of his habit have thus only tended to strengthen him in it. After any physical suffering, which was sent to call to reform, as a loving heavenly father, he turns again to seek his cup, expecting to find relief from present discomfort by momentary stimulation and exhilaration. So he goes on and on, the chains of both soul and body holding him in galling slavery from which there is no release by any power of his own.

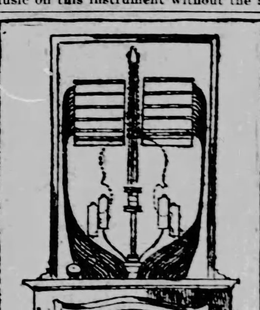
CONCLUSION.—Such then is the voice of wisdom, speaking out of the past, to the young of to-day. The wine may sparkle in the glass and appear beautiful to the eye, and drunken poets may write their sanguine praise of it, but "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It is far worse than the fabled cup of Circe which transformed men into beasts. It inflames the passions and prompts to every crime. It ruins man's constitution and tends to beggary. It is an incentive to the basest lusts and causes many a fall into the deep death from which no escape with their lives. It lets loose the tongue to utter everything impious, polluting and provoking. And yet it fascinates him into such love of his oppressor and his gallingchains that he only sleeps to recruit himself, that when he awakes he may return to his destructive indulgence. Who that has common sense would contract such a habit or sell himself to such iniquity?

EASY CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

A lady whom I was sitting next to at dinner the other day told me she had a remedy for seasickness. She had been a very bad sailor and even now if she does not practice her remedy she is sick; whereas when she does, she can negotiate comfortably a storm of four or five hours on the high seas. It is simple enough. As the vessel dips, she draws in her breath—as it rises she expels it. Whether this lady's internal arrangements are peculiar to herself, I do not know. But, if not, the remedy seems to me worth knowing.—Labouchere in London Truth.

PLAYING THE VIOLIN BY ELECTRICITY

Automatic machines for playing the guitar and banjo are already in use, but heretofore, probably, no one has attempted to construct an apparatus for playing the violin in this manner. However, we illustrate below an arrangement which the inventor claims will produce pleasant music on this instrument without the aid

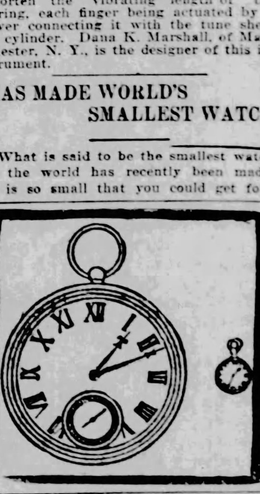


ELECTRICITY PRODUCES THE MUSIC.

of a human hand to guide the bow. In fact, there is no bow for this violin, the strings being vibrated by two endless belts, which are mounted on pulleys running over sliding blocks. Each belt vibrates two strings, and by depressing the block at either end, the string nearest that block is the one engaged, while by depressing both blocks at once the two strings are vibrated. An electric motor in the base of the cabinet runs an air pump, and compressed air is utilized to depress the damper fingers which shorten the vibrating length of the string, each finger being actuated by a lever connecting it with the tune sheet or cylinder. Dana K. Marshall, of Manchester, N. Y., is the designer of this instrument.

HAS MADE WORLD'S SMALLEST WATCH

What is said to be the smallest watch in the world has recently been made. It is so small that you could get four



watches of its size on an area equal to that covered by a 25-cent piece. So says the New York Herald.

The watch was made at Geneva, where special tools were constructed for the purpose. It contains one hundred separate parts and weighs one-thirtieth of an ounce avoirdupoise. The hands are, respectively, one-eleventh of an inch and one-twentieth of an inch in length. The watch has been valued at $1,250.

LACONICS FROM LIFE.

A DOOMED WOMAN EITHER WAY.

Doctor—Mr. Tiffington, your wife will risk her life if she attends that wedding so soon after having the grip.

Mr. Tiffington—Well, doctor, she'll die if she has to miss it.

GETTING AID FROM GOVERNMENT.

Slimson—Willie, you promised me faithfully you wouldn't do that.

Willie—But, papa, I heard you read something from the Tribune about Cuba the other day that said a broken promise was better broken than kept.

THE MAIN POINT.

He—I am afraid my religious views are not the same as yours, dear.

She—That need not necessarily make any difference. We both belong to the same golf club.

THE UNEXPECTED.

The Wife—My dressmaker's bill is twice as much as I expected

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE .....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE EMPEROR YIELDED.

The wily methods of Chinese diplomacy won the battle over Kaiser Wilhelm's plans. The elaborate ceremonies of expiation and humiliation which the latter had arranged for the Chinese envoy and suite all had to be abandoned. Prince Chun and the Chinese government knew well the alternative which the refusal to accept the pre-arranged program would force upon the Kaiser. Either he would have to accept the apology for the murder of von Ketteler in the form and manner which Prince Chun chose, or to send war ships and an army to China to obtain expiation through war.

The keen Celestials knew full well that he would not dare enter upon so costly a program as that of war in the Far East. True, the demand for a proper diplomatic amende to Germany was a part of the conditions of peace insisted upon by the Powers. But Prince Chun halted at Basle until the details of the ceremony were agreed upon. When the Kaiser's program was made known, he simply waited, and did nothing. The other European Powers showed no sympathy with Wilhelm. In fact, they laughed at the nature of the ceremonies upon which he insisted—that each and every member of the Chinese delegation should kotow nine times.

It thus became clear that no other power would join with Germany in war to enforce his demands. So Prince Chun simply refused, and waited in patience, until Wilhelm came off his high horse. The result is, the formal apology has lost all the force it would have had on the Chinese people had the German plans been carried out. There are points in which the slant-eyed diplomats are more than a match for European diplomacy.

TRUSTS IN EUROPE.

The trust question in Europe has not been dragged into politics, and made an issue in elections. Here, a plank on the subject has been the regulation thing ever since 1888. Prof. J. W. Jenks, in an elaborate report on industrial combinations in Europe, the result of exhaustive inquiry among the great industrial trans-Atlantic countries, gives the trend of public opinion there on the subject. This is interesting, because it is the result of observation, without political prejudice or bias. These conclusions are:

1. There are no pronounced objections to trusts, but there is a feeling that they should be controlled and regulated.
2. The protective tariff is not held responsible for trusts.
3. Railroad discrimination, not existing in Europe, cannot be deemed a factor in promoting trusts.
4. Publicity being required, stock watering has been largely prevented, as well as extortion or abuse of labor.

These conclusions are not far from those which unbiased and intelligent Americans have reached. In point of fact, the masses of our people are more and more inclined to "go slow" in this matter. There is a palpable decrease in the demand for drastic legislation—especially since there has been a clearer understanding of the lack of constitutional power to Congress, and the requirement of an amendment to the nation's organic law, in order to confer the needed authority. The industrial commission will make an exhaustive report on the subject to the coming Congress, and no doubt whatever that body may do in trust matters will be largely shaped by its findings.

VEST ON M'KINLEY.

A letter to a political friend, written by Senator Vest, of Missouri, repeats his declaration that the Democrats should no longer press the silver issue. He deprecates Bryan's stubborn adhesion to it, pays tribute to what he regards as his ability, courage and honesty, but says he is not a good leader. Then the old Missouri Senator discusses political leadership in the following fashion:

Leadership is a peculiar and rare talent. A man may be an orator, lawyer and statesman, but not necessarily a good leader. Jefferson, Van Buren, Lincoln and McKinley have been the greatest political leaders and managers in this country, and Mr. McKinley has never had a superior in that regard.

I have the kindest feeling for Colonel Bryan and regard him as one of the best campaigners this country has produced. Like all of us, he has made his mistakes, and I think he is now mistaken in advising the Democrats of the United States to permit no one to go as a delegate to the National Democratic convention who is not in favor of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms in every clause. This simply means that the free coinage of silver will be made a leading issue, and it will drive away from us thousands of good Democrats who are anxious to remain with the party.

The tribute paid to the pre-eminent ability of the President is absolutely true; but it is worthy of note that it comes from one of his most bitter political foes. Thousands of good Democrats will read it with a shock of surprise, for they have had a radically wrong idea of Mr. McKinley ever since his first Presidential campaign. The Democratic editors and speakers all assailed him then, and pictured him as the pliant tool of Senator Hanna and others. He was denounced as a man without ideas of his own, and without the backbone to carry them out. All of this is utterly false, as events since March 4, 1897, have fully demonstrated. But the old aspersions, made simply for political effect, were taken as truth by many Democrats, and are still held. Senator Vest's testimony will lead to a more correct estimate of the actual qualifications of the President, and his title to a place as the peer of the greatest statesmen which the United States has ever produced.

Vice President Roosevelt is certainly leading a strenuous life when he preaches two lay sermons and lunches with politicians all in one Sunday. He is evidently getting in trim for his duties as presiding officer of the senate.

THE STRICKEN PRESIDENT.

Not since the assassination of President Garfield, twenty years ago, have the people of this country been so stunned as they were on Friday afternoon when the telegraph flashed the news over the world that President McKinley had been shot down while holding a reception at the Pan-American exposition.

The deed of the assassin was so senseless, so unreasonable, so uncalled for that it was all the more unexpected.

So far as the country and the world knew, the President had not an enemy who would do him bodily harm. On the contrary, he is a man of such gentle nature, so kind, so lovable, so generous in his treatment of all classes that it is impossible to conceive of a human being who would do him violence.

President McKinley is not only at the head of a powerful government, but he is the chief executive of a happy and prosperous people. It has ever been his policy to cultivate a spirit of peace and brotherly love. He is not a tyrant, neither is he a dictator. He has done nothing as a man nor as President which can in any way be construed as an act of oppression.

Poor and humble himself, he has touched elbows with all classes, and in every public position he has remained close to the people. He is the friend of all men, whatever may be their position in life.

That such a man should be assassinated is one of the mysteries which will probably forever remain unsolved.

When Lincoln was shot the country had just emerged from the greatest war in the world's history and the feeling on the part of many was so intense and so bitter that it can be understood why there were men who would not hesitate to take his life.

The assassination of Garfield, like the shooting of McKinley, was without provocation and then, as now, the nation and the world experienced a shock from which it took a long time to recover.

As long as there is life there is hope, and the news from the bedside of the President is exertmely encouraging, and leads to the belief that he will recover, although the danger is not past, and the anxious watch is not ended.

And while the nation watches anxiously for every message from the stricken President a great wave of sympathy rolls over the country for the invalid wife to whom he is life itself. Her grief is the world's grief.

It is true now, as it has been for decades, that in every great national sorrow, the people of this country can look through their tears and exclaim, "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives." The chief executive may be stricken down, but the government remains intact, strengthened, indeed, because of the blow.

But a great calamity like this the more clearly shows us our duty. Anarchy must be suppressed. The freedom of this country does not mean license to shoot our foremost citizens. Our duty is to suppress this element and drive the foes of all government from our shores. Has not the time fully come to act promptly in this matter?

STAMP OUT ANARCHY.

There is an anarchistic element in this country which should be stamped out even if the most radical measures are necessary to do so.

Free speech has been coddled here until it breaks out into open and virulent treason.

It is time to revise the old saw that this country is an asylum for the oppressed of all nations.

It has become too much of an asylum for plotters and schemers against all government.

At Paterson, N. J., is a nest of anarchists who plot to kill the crowned rulers of Europe.

They are equally opposed to heads of all governments and there is no more hesitancy in killing the President of the United States than the Czar of Russia.

There is not a large city in the country where anarchy is not preached and practiced.

These nests of vipers should be wiped out.

One man like McKinley or Garfield is worth more than all the anarchists in the world.

Suppress so-called free speech when it reaches the point of treason.

Refuse to permit anarchists to hold meetings.

Make the immigration laws so stringent as to shut out this undesirable class.

Why make this country a dumping ground for the riff-raff of the old world?

Why try to assimilate the Guiteau's and the Neiman's?

This country had had lessons enough to profit by them.

Stamp our anarchy and do it in a way that these cowardly assassins will be glad to get out of the country with their lives and will deter others from coming.

It becomes more evident, as the steel strike goes on, that President Shaffer committed a cardinal blunder when he ordered members of the Amalgamated association to break their contracts with their employers. The men who refused to do this showed a proper appreciation of the situation. The confidence of employers in any agreement with organized labor was shaken by Shaffer's order. Until such contracts can be depended upon, and be enforced like all other contracts, the credit of these organizations will not be good.

France and Russia seem to have faith in submarine boats. It is said that the two nations, working in secret, will have ready for sea, by the end of the year, ninety-two of these vessels. England is building but five experimental ones. Looks as though France and Russia have abandoned the effort to catch up with John Bull on fighting ships, and means to content themselves with submarine navies. Were the latter effective, it would be wise; but are they?

PUT UP THE BARS.

The attempt on the life of the President should bring sharply to the attention of the American people the need of Congressional action against an undesirable class of foreign immigrants. The United States has been too long the dumping ground for the vicious and criminal classes of Europe. The character of immigration is changing. Each year there are fewer sturdy Germans, Swedes, Norwegians and others, who are most excellent material out of which to make honest, industrious and law-abiding American citizens. And, on the other hand, there is an increase in the number of immigrants from those races whose civilization is on a different plane from ours; and who settle down into what are, to all intents and purposes, foreign colonies, instead of amalgamating with the masses of the people, and becoming Americanized.

The worst class of immigrants, however, is not made up of those whose racial characteristics are thus objectionable, but whose political and social beliefs are radically opposed to all American ideas. We refer to the anarchists and socialists. The man Czolgosz is not to be condemned because he is a Russian Pole, but because he is a red-handed anarchist. It is difficult for an American to understand the bloody and abominable doctrines of these pests and enemies of civilization. They aim at the abolition of all government. They do not appear to be able to define correctly the word liberty. To them it means unrestrained license; to every American it means freedom of personal action, so far as this does not infringe the rights and privileges of all other men.

America is the haven of the oppressed, but it must not be made the harbor for the oppressor. No tyranny is so blind, so mad, so senseless, as that of a mob. Anarchism is the mob acting through a single irresponsible individual. The anarchist is the enemy of society, of law, of order, of safety, of civilization. It finds its recruits among the ignorant and badly educated—among men who never learned to reason logically, and who apparently are incapable of understanding that the highest freedom possible under any workable theory of society is freedom under the law—the freedom of equal rights and equal opportunities, so far as the man himself is capable of utilizing the opportunities which are freely his.

The murder of a President is absolutely useless as a means of destroying government, which seems to be the aim of anarchism. The incumbent of the chief magistracy may fall, but the government still lives. His constitutional successor steps into the place, and the functions of the office go on without a break. It is the imperative duty of Coongress to take action on this matter. It is not a political question; and every member of both houses should join in the work of framing legislation which will crush out these enemies of society. The bars of the immigration laws should be put up against these half-insane, murderous haters of authority and law. The pressure of popular opinion, North and South, East and West, should be so strong upon Congress that it cannot fail to do its plain duty in this matter.

THE NEWSPAPER CARTOON.

At this time, several newspapers of the country are talking straight from the shoulder against the license indulged in by many newspapers in the use of cartoons caricaturing men prominent in public life. The objections are well grounded, and such cartoons should not be published.

It has become a custom that as soon as a man achieves some public position he is caricatured in the press. He is made to take on all the forms of a monster. This is kept up day after day, year in and year out. Well-balanced persons pay little attention to this, but unfortunately all the people of the country are not well-balanced. The work of the cartoonist can be made an adjunct to anarchy, a sort of a spur to this despised element.

Because a man becomes President, or senator, or governor, or congressman, it does not follow that he becomes a villain and an oppressor of those who are termed the common people, and there is no reason why he should be pictured as an enemy of the human race.

While free speech should not be permitted to reach the point of licensed treason, neither should a free press go to the extreme of picturing public men as brutal enemies of all mankind. The country has had too much of this kind of work. Let not the anarchistic element be aided in such a way.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has decided on drastic measures in dealing with the anarchists in that city, and it should be followed by the authorities in every city in the country.

Mayor Harrison has issued orders to the police to attend all meetings supposed to be of anarchistic tendencies, and arrest the speakers who use violent language.

Not only does he propose to stop revolutionary utterances but his orders go further. The police are to secure the names of all outspoken anarchists and to find out all about their organizations and meetings and whenever intemperate language is used the speakers are to be thrown into jail.

This is a radical measure but existing conditions justify it. The same precautions should be taken in all the centers of population. While immigration laws should be revised so that enemies of government cannot come to this country to make it their home, those who are here should be given to understand that intolerant speech will not be permitted.

There has been too much leniency shown this class and it is time to tighten the reins. Public opinion will not only back all such measures but it demands such action.

DEMOCRATIC SYMPATHY.

"The flowers that bloom upon the wall of party politics" shed their fragrance upon the Ohio air on Saturday. In the Democratic county convention at Findlay, one of the speakers alluded, with deep regret, to the President. The delegates rose and cheered the sentiment wildly. Several Democratic county conventions and county committees adopted resolutions expressing indignation and horror over the attack on the chief magistrate. Such events show that the President possesses the sincere respect and esteem of all Ohio men, irrespective of differences of political opinion.

One Colorado farmer expects an income of half a million dollars from his farms this year, and yet there are those who contend that farming does not pay.

PRESIDENT ON RECIPROCITY.

The address of the President at the Pan-American exposition, made but the day before the foul attack upon his life, was a powerful plea for the extension of American commerce. Te told his hearers that national isolation is no longer desirable nor possible, and that no nation on the globe can longer be indifferent to any other.

He appealed for reciprocal trade as the best policy for the United States. Our period of isolation from the world has passed forever. The marvelous increase in the means of rapid communication and transportation have rendered a policy of exclusiveness impossible. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will, he said, prevent reprisals by other nations, and measures of commercial retaliation are not in harmony with the spirit of the times, but treaties of reciprocity most certainly are.

If some of our tariff duties are no longer needed for revenue, nor to encourage and protect our home industries, why should we not use them to promote and extend our markets abroad? The President urged the American people not to repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything we can make or raise that we do not need at home, and buy little or nothing. We must take from other nations such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and to our labor. Our surplus productions must find a market abroad. We must sell wherever we can, and buy wherever it will enlarge our sales and thus make a greater demand for our home labor.

Hence he pleaded for a policy of reciprocity, for an isthmian canal, for the upbuilding of the American merchant marine, and for a Pacific cable, because the last three are factors in the development and extension of our foreign trade. The views of the President on these matters are not new to the American people, for he has advocated them before. A progressive, thoughtful statesman, in matters economic always, a student of markets rather than maxims, he points with courage along the most direct and most feasible path to the commercial supremacy of the world, which will continue to us the marvelous prosperity which has been ours since 1897. His arguments should sink deep into the hearts of the people, and cause congress to consider the steps which are necessary to the adoption of reciprocal trade relations with our customer nations.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The proclamation by Venezuela regarding its quarrel with Colombia, the offer of mediation by the United States, and the President's allusions in his Buffalo exposition speech to Pan-Americanism, bring to public attention our relations to the republics of South and Central America. What will be the eventual role of the United States in the "continuous performance" of political melodrama to the south of us?

The Monroe Doctrine, in its original meaning, defined our relations clearly. When President Monroe, in his message of 1823, declared that the United States would consider any attempt, on the part of European powers, "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety"—adding that all undertakings of the sort would be regarded "as manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States"—he established this nation as a bulwark against European conquest in South America, or the voluntary yielding of any of those republics to transatlantic control.

There has been but one square test of the Monroe Doctrine. That was when, in 1866, Secretary Seward demanded peremptorily that France should withdraw her troops from Mexico—and Emperor Napoleon III. obeyed. The Venezuela episode under President Cleveland can hardly be deemed a test under the actual doctrine set forth by President Monroe. But whether it be so considered or not, it has been clear, ever since 1866, what the United States would do in case of European aggression against any American republic.

But the question has never arisen hitherto as to what we would do when other South American states attempted to enact the role of oppressor. The present troubles of Colombia with Venezuela and Ecuador may bring the question up for solution. The first step has been taken by the offer of mediation, to which Venezuela has returned an evasive reply, while Colombia accepts. The attitude of Venezuela shows that while that quarrelsome little republic is willing to have our aid when danger threatens, she prefers to have us attend to our own affairs when she takes up the role of conqueror or aggressor.

Shall we undertake to keep these countries in order? The task is a vast one, and not to be undertaken lightly. Perhaps the outcome of the present trouble will be that our South American friends will realize that while we will not meddle with all their quarrels and revolutions, we may take a hand when these disputes become a menace to the world at large.

COLUMBIA THE DEFENDER.

It has been officially decided that Columbia is a better and faster boat than Constitution, and she has been selected to race with Shamrock II. for the cup.

Yachtsmen will now busy themselves in making comparisons between the racers. Columbia defeated Shamrock I. in October, 1899, and did it easily. The races occurred October 16, 17 and 20. The first day there was a light breeze and Columbia won by 10 minutes and 8 seconds, corrected time. The next day Shamrock was disabled and Columbia finished alone. On the third day there was a strong wind, and the race was Columbia's by 6 minutes and 34 seconds, corrected time.

It is believed that Columbia to-day is a faster boat than when she raced Shamrock I. two years ago and beat her in a light breeze as well as in a strong wind. In a series of races she has proved a decidedly better boat than Constitution.

But this year she must cope with a new rival, and Sir Thomas Lipton is confident that Shamrock II. is 12 minutes faster than his old boat on a 30 miles course.

The first race is scheduled to take place September 21, and the interest which has been aroused will increase until it is determined if the cup will remain here or be lifted by Sir Thomas. As Shamrock II. is patterned after an American design there is bound to be some glory in it for Americans no matter what may be the result.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

Three Attempts.

Six Republican Presidents have been elected by hte people and three of the number have been shot by assassins. It is startling to think that their chance of escaping the bullet of the murderer was but one in two. No doubt all Presidents are exposed to this danger to some extent, but the record of Republican Presidents is extraordinary. The assassins were not partisans, nor is any party chargeable with the deeds, but the personal peril in the case has been greater than in any court of the old world. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley have suffered there attacks. It is time for Presidents, no matter what their party, to be better guarded against a crime repeated so frequently.

For Reciprocity.

Unless all signs fail the policy of reciprocity will receive an impetus from the support of the manufacturers of the country. Those who recall the manner in which the subject was treated at the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers at Detroit in June will not be surprised at the fact that the executive committee of that association has decided to call a convention on reciprocity at a date to be decided on later. The purpose of the call is declared to be to secure a clear apprehension and expression of public sentiment respecting the reciprocal and trade relations with foreign powers. The constituency of the conference is to be determined upon by a general committee of arrangements. The proceedings of the convention should be of peculiar interest in the present conjuncture. Slow progress has thus far been made with reciprocity arrangements, in spite of the exhortations of the President. If, however, a decided and emphatic expression of opinion in favor of the policy should be made by a convention having the genesis of the one proposed, a powerful effect would be produced upon the sentiment of the Senate, with which body the fate of the reciprocity treaties rest.

Pan-American Congress.

It will be recalled that the project of a Congress of American Republics was placed in some jeopardy by a division of opinion among some of the South American republics as to whether international arbitration should be discussed as applicable to pending questions. Chile announced that it would not take part in any discussion regarding arbitration if it should embrace pending questions in which the interests of that state were involved, while Peru took the opposite ground. Satisfactory assurances were made to Chile some time ago, and the government of the republic appointed delegates to the congress. This disposition of the question did not at first seem to commend itself to the Peruvian government, and for a time it refrained from naming delegates to the conference. Now, however, another spirit has prevailed, and it is announced in advices from Washington that three of the most distinguished citizens of the republic have been nominated as delegates. This action of Peru removes all doubt as to the holding of the congress.

In South America.

The report received at Washington that Ecuador has interfered in the Venezuelan-Colombian imbroglio with her army and navy is another straw going to confirm the statements that the present government of Colombia has nothing but enemies among its neighbors. Further evidence that Colombia considers her position perilous and would welcome an opportunity to escape from it is furnished by that country's eager acceptance of Secretary Hay's offer of mediation within three days of its receipt. Venezuela's reply will now be awaited with interest.

Our Navy.

It is gratifying to note that, as recorded by the Office of Naval Intelligence, the United States maintains its lead over Germany in the matter of tonnage of warships built and building, and that we still rank fourth among naval powers, our Navy being outmatched only by England, France and Russia. We exceed Russia in amount of tonnage building, and may look forward to crowding her navy out of third place before very long. Considering our increased coast area and the multiplication of our interests in distant parts of the world, we should even then have none too many warships.

Annexation Feeling.

The interest which some of the Havana papers are taking in the question of the annexation of Cuba is significant. The discussion suggests that a convention be held to negotiate a reciprocity treaty between the island and the United States. Another prominent Havana journal, the Avisador Comercial, says it is vain to hope for any important trade concessions from the Americans unless Cuba consents to annexation. Of course, annexation, as that paper sees, would either immediately or very quickly bring free trade between the Island and the United States, and this is what Cuba needs.

Here is an aspect of the relations of the United States to Cuba which is certain to extend the annexation sentiment. Sugar growing is the greatest single industry in the island. The sugar planters and exporters want the free entrance of sugars into the United States. This can not be had by any arrangement short of annexation. Here, too, is one reason why a few persons in this country are opposed to annexation. It is assumed that the free entrance of Cuban sugar will injure the sugar-planting industry in Louisiana. There is considerable opposition in one section of Louisiana, in consequence, to annexation.

China's Trade.

Judging from recently published statistics the depressing effects of the Boxer troubles upon trade with China are passing away. Exports from the United States to China in July were not far from double what they were in the corresponding month of last year, and, indeed, were larger than in any preceding July. The exports for July were valued at $2,654,225, as compared with $1,539,179 in July, 1900. Both those amounts include exports to the Russian possessions in China. A marked increase is shown in most articles of export, but the gain is most noteworthy in cotton, mineral oils, tobacco, lumber and bicycles. It may be recalled that cotton cloth was the first to feel the effect of the troubles of last year. In the fiscal year ending with July there was a falling off of nearly one million yards in our exports of cotton cloth to China. In July, however, there was an increase of over eighteen million yards as compared with July of last year, and the value of the exports of cotton cloth increased from $871,000 to $1,709,605.

The name of the would-be assassin of the President, Czolgosz, is pronounced Schol-gosh, as near as it can be reproduced in English. The l, however, is almost silent; but it takes the tongue of one who knows the Polish language to give its elusive sound. He is a product of Russian tyranny, not of American freedom.

Crush the snake of anarchy!

COURSE OF THE BULLET

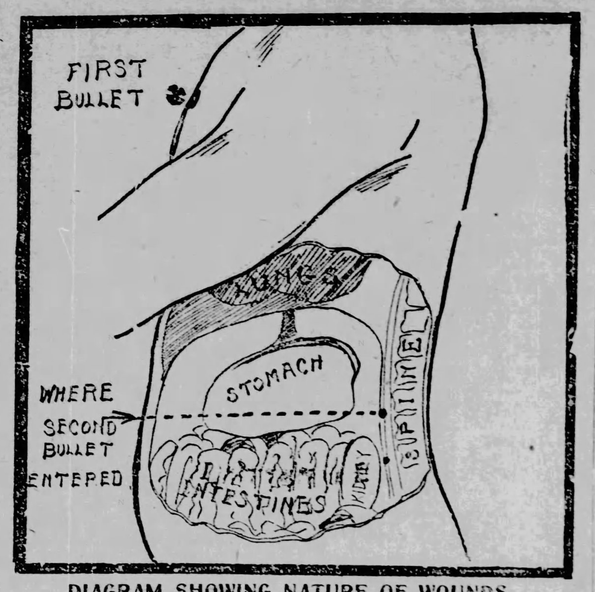


DIAGRAM SHOWING NATURE OF WOUNDS.

A prominent Cincinnati surgeon gives the above diagram. Said he: "The wound made by the bullet glancing off the breast bone is trivial. The dangerous wound is the one through the stomach. The bullet entered an inch and a half to the left of the navel, passed through the front and rear walls of the stomach, and then probably imbedded itself in the heavy, inch-and-a-half thick muscles along the spinal column. Perhaps the bullet was stopped by the bones of the spinal column. If I remember rightly, the bullet that killed President Garfield also hit the spinal column, splintering the bones protecting the vital spinal cord. The report says no holes were found in the intestines in President McKinley's case. There are evidently intestines along the bullet's course between its point of entrance and the stomach, and how the bullet failed to penetrate them is hard to understand. After leaving the rear wall of the stomach, the bullet may have penetrated the kidney."

IS OLDER THAN UNCLE SAM.

The oldest living physician and probably the oldest man who is actively engaged in any business claims Illinois as his birthplace. This is Dr. Charles Smith, who now lives in Egg Harbor City, N. J., and in the prosecution of his business visits Philadelphia once a week. Dr. Smith claims that the record of his birth shows that event to have occurred in 1776, and consequently he is 125 years old. He looks to be good for many more years, and his activity and vigor of mind and body are truly wonderful if his claim of having been born in the year when the American colonies declared their independence is correct.

Dr. Smith is described as being of middle height and rather stout. His face is very red and his huge white mustache and long white beard make it appear still redder by contrast. To a recent visitor he talked about himself and paced back and forth across the room with the springy step of youth as he talked.

"I was born," said Dr. Smith, "on September 25, 1776, in Illinois. There was, though no Illinois then, there was only wilderness. The place where I was born is about fifty miles from the present Cairo." He stated that he had been married three times and that his third wife is still living. A son was born to him in 1856, he said, when he was 90 years old.

"To what do you impute your long life and your excellent health?" was asked.

"To my medical studies," the physician replied. "I was graduated from the medical school at the University of Jena in 1808, and from there I went to Persia—to a city whose name I can't recall—and in that city I studied medicine for nine years more in a college of the Parsees. The Parsees understand medicine much more thoroughly than we do and they live in a much simpler and much more wholesome way. It is really not uncommon to find among them vigorous men at the age of 200 years and over."

"How do the Parsees excel us in the art of living?"

"Oh, they prepare their food more carefully, and they keep regular hours in everything," said Dr. Smith. "They sleep precisely seven hours every night, they walk and exercise in the open air every morning and they go in ardently for bathing and massage."

Dr. Smith added that the Parsees know almost all there is to know about the medical properties of herbs and that this knowledge, too, helps them very greatly to prolong their lives.

"Why, the Parsee physician can tell what is the matter with you if you are ill without asking you a question or looking at your tongue or feeling your pulse," he went on. "They tell by your face—by the lines in it—for every disease has its own peculiar markings that appear on the cheeks and forehead and with study these markings are as legible, as intelligible, as print. I myself can read the lines of the face. It took me six years to learn that one thing alone."

Dr. Smith said he remembered Washington, Franklin and Madison. "I saw Washington when I was ten years old," he declared. "He was near Mount Vernon. Washington got out of his carriage to talk to my grandfather, Charles Smith, whom he knew well. I remember the President as a tall, rather slender man, with broad shoulders and a deep chest. He wore knee breeches, low shoes with silver buckles and a long coat, but I can't remember the color of clothes. I saw Franklin in New York in 1828. I knew Horace Greeley, Tilden and Lincoln quite well."

At Dr. Smith's place at Egg Harbor City, there is a spring in which he wades every day, winter and summer. The old man still has his own teeth, which are excellent; his eyesight is keen and his muscles strong and supple.

WASHINGTON WORSHIPED IN OLD POHICK CHURCH

The church where George Washington once worshiped at Old Pohick, Fairfax county, Va., is one of a score of colonial sanctuaries in the old dominion that are hallowed by historic associations. It is known more generally as Mount Vernon church, though in the neighborhood the old name of Pohick clings to it. It is situated in Truro parish, Fairfax county. This parish formerly covered Fairfax, Alexandria and Louden counties. Pohick church has an interest for all lovers of history because of its connection with the great men of the colonial period.

It has passed through two wars and suffered in each. Its vestry book, which is also the record book of Truro parish, covers a period of about fifty years—1732-85. This book was lost for fifty years and recovered about twenty years ago by the historiographer of the diocese of Virginia, the late Rev. Dr. Philip Slaughter. It is now kept by order of the vestry in the safe at Mount Vernon, under the care of the superintendent, H. H. Dodge.

The present church building was completed in 1772. It is built of brick burned in the yard near by, with walls eighteen inches thick, covered with ivy and surrounded by tall old trees. The original building was a wooden one, two miles south of the present one and on the other side of Pohick run, from which the church took its name. The former edifice fell into decay about 1769 and the present location was chosen.

History relates that when the change of site was made George Mason used his eloquence in favor of the old one, and George Washington answered him with a carefully drawn map showing that the new place was the center of population. This argument won, and the present location was chosen. It is just here, according to tradition, that Washington divided his army on the way to Yorktown in 1781. Pohick church is a few miles off the road. He took a part of his army by way of Colchester and part by Occoquon village, both living on Occoquon Run. The building committee, appointed in 1765, included George Washington, George Mason and George William Fairfax.

Washington drew the ground plan and front elevation, the plans for the pews and the placing of the pulpit. When the church was finished in 1772-73 the pews were sold, George Mason buying two and George Washington buying first one and afterward another from Lund Washington. The pews were all marked in raised letters with the names of the owners. One pew, that to the north of the pulpit, was given by the vestry to the parson, Lee Massey, their rector, and his successors forever. The high pulpit on the north wall with its sound board overhead, both firmly bolted to a beam let into the wall, is a notable feature of this church. It also had a reredos back of the communion table on the east wall, on which were inscribed in letters of gold the apostles' creed, the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments. The font, cut from the granite of the neighborhood, was large enough to "discreetly dip" the children according to the rubric in the prayer book.

Washington was a vestryman for twenty years of Truro parish, was active in the building of four churches in Fairfax and Alexandria counties and was also a warden for several years. He let nothing keep him from the house of God on the Lord's day. Truro parish had several ministers prior to the revolution of whom Rev. Charles Green and Rev. Lee Massey were the most prominent. Parson Massey was rector at the time Pohick church was built and continued with it up to 1785.

After the revolution the services at Pohick church were held irregularly and Washington became an attendant at Christ church, Alexandria, which church he had also been instrumental in building and in which he had bought a pew as soon as it was completed.

During the period Parson Weems, that queer genius who wrote the first history of Washington and the history of Marion, preached occasionally, though he was never settled as its rector.

In 1857 the bishop reported to the Episcopal convention of Virginia a visitation made to Pohick and was in sad plight, he said. Its doors were found open, inviting every wild beast of the field to enter. His appeal moved Rev. Mr. Johnson to go out of the state and raise money sufficient to put the church in good order again and students from the Episcopal Theological seminary and others ministered regularly there.

In the civil war the situation of the church made it a prominent picket post. It was then entirely dismantled and used by the soldiers for a horse stable. About 1870 Theodore B. Wetmore, of New York, with the advice and assistance of Bishop Jones, of Virginia, and Cassius F. Lee, raised money enough to make the building comfortable for services. In 1881 Rev. N. A. Wallis became rector and under his ministry a good congregation and Sunday school were gathered within its walls. The present commodious service (which is large and massive, made in 1774, and the font were all found and restored to the church Mr. Wetmore also added to the church property by securing considerable land and building a rectory.

Mr. Wallis was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Kloman, who was rector for two years. The present rector, Rev. Everard Meade, came to Pohick about four years ago. The church now shelters from Sunday to Sunday a good congregation and Sunday school. The people are poor, being chiefly engaged in farming. It is a parish in which "to the poor the gospel is preached." The church property is a valuable one, containing 7 acres, on which are situated the church, rectory and lot given by Mrs. Hearst, of California, and a large and comfortable rectory.

Now it is proposed to restore Pohick church and to make it as near the church of Washington's day as is compatible with modern ideas of comfort and convenience. The Daughters of the American Revolution have taken the matter in hand. Mrs. Hearst, Mrs. J. K. M. Norton, of Alexandria, reports a small fund on hand and growing slowly. There is immediate need of work on the church, as it is in bad condition.

The rector says: "May the time soon come when this house of God, built by the Washingtons, Masons, Lewises, Fairfaxes, Henderson and other names whose names are connected with it, shall be restored to its former beauty. Surely patriotism or reverence for the greatest of patriots, if not religion, ought to be appealed to in behalf of this temple of God."

His One Success.

Miss Kulcher—Did you ever go in for literature, Mr. Gay?

Mr. Gay—Well—er—not exactly, but once when I was at college I wrote a short story and got $100 for it.

Miss Kulcher—Really? What was it?

Mr. Gay—Dear Father: I'm broke. Please send me a hundred."—Philadelphia Press.

The Inscrutable Weather.

"I went to a clairvoyant to find out when this terrible weather was going to let up.

"Well?"

"She said she'd just been to another clairvoyant to try to find out herself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bloodless Destruction.

"Listen to this: 'Red Men Slaughter Infants.'"

"Great goodness! Out in the Bad Lands?"

"No, in the baseball park."—Chicago Record-Herald.

William McKinley.

Thrice within a generation has the nation been shocked and appalled at attempts upon the life of the Chief Executive. Twice the infamous crimes were successful, and the issue of the third remains in doubt, with some ground for hope that the remarkably good fortune which has attended William McKinley at all important crises of his life will still be his, and the assassin's fell purpose fail. That such may be the happy outcome is the hope and the prayer of every patriotic American citizen.

Facing the tragedy which has cast a pall of blackness over the nation, all political differences fall away, and the voice of partisanship is hushed. From all over the Union, men of all conditions join in expressing their abhorrence of the attempted crime, and in fervent hope of the recovery of the chief magistrate. Like the lightning flash in the darkness of midnight, the tragedy of his attempted murder revealed to all the true greatness of the man and the implicit confidence of the American people in his wise statesmanship.

Like Lincoln, William McKinley was struck down at the highest point of his career. Chosen for the second time to the Presidency by a larger majority—greater than any previous President ever received—he again entered upon its duties in the full tide of public favor, with nearly all the grave difficulties and perplexing questions of his first term solved and with every prospect of finding his second administration a period of peace and prosperity to the people.

To his speech at the exposition on Thursday, the nations of the world listened with grave attention. His words did not breathe of war and conquest, but of the victories of peace which the nation is to win in the near future. He outlined the policies which are to secure these results, and which are the logical outcome of those of the past.

Reciprocity, the development of our merchant marine, the Isthmian canal, and a Pacific cable, he held to be necessary to the future prosperity of the United States, and he set forth their importance in clear and fitting words, whose significance was felt around the globe. The nations listened with admiration, not apprehension, when he declared that our interest is in accord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. His words were his keynote for future action. May God preserve him to carry out his plans for the prosperity of the people, and through which our beloved land shall reach a still higher position among the great nations of the world.

Though it be that this hope shall be unfulfilled we must remember, in the words of the martyred Garfield, that "God reigns and the government at Washington still lives," and the nation will move onward in the path of progress under other hands. We may rest secure that our government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth because of the bullet fired by a vile assassin.

S. S. KNABENSHUE.

Current Events.

In almost every church, in all the great cities on Sunday, Protestant and Catholic, the pastors denounced anarchy and the attempt on McKinley's life, and prayed for his recovery with fervor.

Vice President Roosevelt and Senator Hanna expressed satisfaction at condition of President and said doctors are giving out truthful bulletins.

Dr. McBurney, of New York, arrived at Buffalo, and after examining President said he found no unfavorable symptoms.

Dr. H. R. Naylor, pastor of President's church in Washington said assassin's act had almost made him an advocate of lynch law.

Three men under arrest in Chicago identified photograph of Czolgosz as that of man who visited at home of Abraham Isaak.

J. A. Dowie, of Chicago, says he believes McKinley will die because he is suffering under doctors' drugs and surgeons knives.

Chicago Building Material Trades council adopted resolutions denouncing attempted assassination of McKinley.

Buffalo remains supreme center of interest for England and continent, and deep abhorrence for crime is manifest.

Two thousand Chicago Socialists at picnic on Sunday passed resolutions of regret for attempt to kill McKinley.

Uniform policy in dealing with Anarchists suggested by Chief of Police Sylvester of Washington, D. C.

Czolgosz denounced at mass meetings of Poles in New York and Philadelphia.

Villifier of McKinley ducked by church congregation at Fairmount, Neb.

Patriotic display of sympathy for President made in Chicago theaters.

Angry crowds in two parts of Chicago hanged Czolgosz in effigy.

Problem of guarding President from attack always a difficult one.

Prayers offered in New York churches for recovery of President.

Attempted murder of President caused shock in Manila.

H. A. Armour, brother of the late P. D. Armour, died of apoplexy at Saratoga, N. Y.

Julia Latham killed herself at Chicago by inhaling gas after quarreling with her sweetheart, Joseph Bryant.

The Rev. T. A. Read expelled from Mount Olive Baptist association at Carbondale, Ill., for calling colleagues liars and thieves.

Tourist and Indian guide drowned in shooting rapids at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

Seven harvest hands killed in railroad wreck near Atlanta, Ga.

Eleven vessels damaged or lost in gale on Lake Huron.

Complaint made in coal trade of car famine, especially in eastern district.

New York stock market but slightly affected by attack on McKinley.

James McGarry, the original of Finley Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley," is dying.

Oliver Masters's sweetheart, Mary Falcake, fails to appear at the altar while waiting and turns deaf ear to all her lover's entreaties. Fiance then brings suit for $1.50 damages.

Police believe that through the arrest of Miss Ida Hennessey, colored, who is held at Englewood, the murderer of Hopkins Noyes, of Evanston, in Cleveland one year ago may be explained.

FOREIGN.

Dr. Johannes von Miquel, former Prussian minister of finance, died at Frankfort.

Exportation of rice and grain from Corea prohibited in fear of famine.

Forest fires ravaging Newfoundland.

United States has offered its good office in mediating the troubles between Venezuela and Colombia.

Miss Isabella Theburn, sister of Bishop Theburn, and missionary in India, where she founded two colleges, is dead of cholera at Lucknow.

Dover delegates after second audience with Emperor William say German ocean steamships would call at their port. Great interest in Germany in coming race between Kronprinz Wilhelm and Deutschland.

Significant Philosophy.

"I am afraid Biggins has met with reverses."

"What makes you think so?"

"He goes

Publishers' Column

HIGH GRADE SILVER-PLATED TABLEWARE.

New Goods—New Prices.

We offer our readers this season a new and very handsome beaded pattern of silver-plated tableware. Our prices are very low, and there is no reason why every family who takes The Blade should not be well supplied with handsome tableware.

These goods are made of the finest quality of nickel silver, plated with pure silver, and are guaranteed by the manufacturers both in style and plate to be equal to the highest possible standard of excellence. The knives and forks are triple plated with pure silver, on the finest quality of crucible steel. These knives first receive a coating of copper; they are then heavily plated with nickel, and afterward with pure silver. Nickel-plate not only doubles the durability of the goods, but, being nearly impervious to moisture, renders knives so plated much less liable to rust than those plated in the ordinary way.

These goods are manufactured by the genuine Rogers' Bros., and their stamp is on each article. If you do not find the goods to be exactly as represented return them and we will cheerfully refund your money.

Prices.

½ doz. teaspoons	$1.00
½ doz. tablespoons	2.00
½ doz. dessert spoons	1.75
Butter knife	.50
Sugar shell	.40
Gravy ladle	.85
½ doz. knives and forks, beaded handles	3.00
½ doz. knives and forks, plain handles	2.65

These goods will be sent by open mail or express, charges prepaid by us, at purchaser's risk. If you desire goods sent by registered mail, remit 8 cents additional. Address all orders to The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BEADED PATTERN.

A New and Handsome Design in Nickel Silver Ware.

These goods are equal in style and finish to high grade silver plated ware. They are made of the finest quality of nickel silver, a composition of nickel and silver that looks and wears like silver, does not tarnish, and will wear a lifetime. These goods must be seen to be appreciated.

PRICES:

One-half dozen teaspoons	$0.75
One dozen teaspoons	1.25
One-half dozen dessert spoons	1.00
One dozen dessert spoons	1.75
One-half dozen table spoons	1.50
One dozen table spoons	2.25
Butter Knife	.30
Sugar Shell	.25

Send for a sample. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Blade Watches by Mail.

Many years experience in supplying subscribers with watches by mail at less than retail prices, has taught us that cheap goods and odd brands are unsatisfactory. There are other good watches, but that our readers may know in advance what they are getting, we make our new list herewith submitted, entirely of Walthams and Elgins. These well known names, coupled with the endorsement of The Blade, will leave no room for doubt in the minds of those who wish to order. In this list we have endeavored to meet the views of all classes, beginning with a cheap watch for common use of boys or men, and running up to better and more reliable grades. These watches are all stem set and stem wind, and all gold filled cases, are fitted with solid gold bows, hinges and thumb pieces. Write us if you desire other or special styles not listed below. We send these watches, postpaid by registered mail on receipt of price named. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio. Send for our descriptive circulars.

No. 9.

Waltham or Elgin open face, 7-jeweled nickel works. Case is ore silver, a composition metal of high grade. Looks and wears like silver; screw back and face, with heavy plate crystal. Price delivered by mail $5.20.

No. 11.

Case same as No. 9, fitted with Elgin or Waltham 15-jeweled movement. Price only $8.00.

No. 17.

Waltham or Elgin 20-year gold filled case, guaranteed to wear as stated, screw back. Works same as No. 9. Price, open face, by mail, $10.00; same in hunting case, $12.00.

No. 23.

Same as No. 17, except works will be 15 jewel. Price, open face, screw back, $12.00; same, hunting case, $14.00.

No. 25.

Ladies' solid gold hunting case Waltham or Elgin, 14-karat gold, 7-jewel Waltham or Elgin, stem wind and set. This same watch The Blade has sold for more than ten years, and we know them to be satisfactory. Price by mail, $20.00.

No. 27.

Ladies' hunting case, 20-year, gold filled. Works exactly same as No. 25, and case just as good for all purposes. We will send this watch postpaid for $14.00.

No. 33—For Girls.

Works same as above, in open, 20-year filled case. Just the thing for girls or ladies who desire an open face. Price by mail, $11.50.

5 Year Guaranteed Plated Chains.

No. 1—Men's small link, 11 inch..... $2.00
No. 2—Men's medium size link..... 1.75
No. 3—Ladies' gold slide chain, 48 inches 2.25

Cut Paper Patterns. READ THE OFFER:

These patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose 10 cents silver for each pattern wanted (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

2124—Kenilworth Eton Jacket.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. The Eton jacket, which possesses a well deserved favor in fashion's eye, is presented once again here in the Kenilworth Eton. The special feature of this Eton jacket is its attractive collar. This may be made of white panne velvet or of white broadcloth, in case the jacket

is made of blue or of tan color or black. If the jacket is made of red cloth, the collar will look best in black. Then, again, the collar may be cut from Russian lace and faced with circular straps. The sleeve is large and loose around the hand, where it is cut in shallow scallops to match the collar.

2128—Townshend Skirt.

Sizes, medium and large. The Townshend skirt, which is a separate pattern, will lend itself to any kind of goods. It is a new five-gored skirt with two circular flounces graduated in width from front to back, where it is wider. The flounces are so deep that they may be trimmed with

wide lace, or with braid, or simply with stitching. The skirt is in two sizes, medium and large. In ordering a skirt pattern, the large size will often prove more satisfactory, as its length admits of its being readily fitted to the hips without the least danger of drawing or coming out too short.

1414—Betsey Apron.

Sizes for 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It is no longer the fashion to hide pretty frocks under ugly aprons. Quaintly cut, daintily made aprons are very much in vogue now for little girls until they are fully ten years old. The Betsey apron, for girls of

four, six, eight and ten, is cut in Mother Hubbard fashion, without a yoke. The square neck, front and back, is finished with insertion, and a deep frill of embroidery extends from the insertion at the sides well over the shoulders. The fullness in the back of the apron is held in place with four-inch-wide strings of the same material, tied considerably below the waist line.

2111—Brieze Waist.

Sizes for 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. The delicate combinations of Quaker-gray with white is one of the most attractive among the great variety of designs of the summer season. In the illustration, styled the Brieze waist, a very artistic result is effected by combining gray panne silk with white mousseline de soie. The waist is made over a fitted lining and is not difficult. It is simple in its method of putting together, and the design in the il-

lustration is well and prettily brought out. The lower part of the waist blouses and is overlapped by the bolero fronts, which are connected by the wide puff of silk muslin. The sleeve puffs out in the mousseline de soie at the elbow, and the arm and forearm pieces of the gray silk overlies the puff. The waist is trimmed with lace insertion and opens around the arm, yoke fashion, and at the middle below the muslin puff.

Complete Pattern Catalogue

In order to accommodate those who desire to obtain patterns that have already been published in The Blade, we have issued a catalogue, giving brief description and illustration of all the best patterns we have published up to March 1, 1901. We will send this catalogue to any one on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

THE BLADE.

2120—Beaucaire Frock.

Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years. The little Beaucaire frock for three, four and six year olds is at once the smartest and the simplest of designs. It is all in one piece, plaited into a band on the under side, and

suggesting the bow in the illustration. The upper part of the dress, while looking elaborate, is really planned in the simplest maner. It is suitable to any material, particularly to heavy cotton goods,

1709—Dunbar Jacket.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Women with well rounded figures will find no more becoming and stylish jacket than the "Dunbar." The front is single-breasted, and the darts extend in a seam up the arm's eye. The back is cut in six narrow pieces, which insures a good fit, and the lower edge is

without fulness and rounded out in six shallow scallops. Excellent materials for this jacket are mode, gray or otter-colored broadcloth, lined with the same shade of silk or satin, and finished with collar, lapels and cuffs of black or any harmonious dark tone of velvet. The buttons are of crystal or brass.

DO NOT FAIL to give the Number of pattern and Measurements It will save trouble and delay

Address with remittance in current funds

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE PRESIDENT WILL LIVE

His Physicians Believe That He Will Recover Without Trouble.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Plans are being made for a national day of thanksgiving. It will be a day of rejoicing over the recovery of the President.

Exposition managers are arranging that on a certain day the bells of all the cities and towns in the United States be set ringing and that the tooting of whistles and booming of cannon herald the wave of joy.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 10—The president asked for the papers again this morning and also asked when he would be allowed to sit up.

Milburn House, Buffalo, Sept. 10.—The President will live, but will probably carry the bullet of the would-be assassin with him to the grave. This is the expressed opinion of Dr. Charles McBurney, of New York, in a statement to a representative of the Associated Press, after the consultation of the physicans this morning. He announced that the President had passe the danger point and now only the possibility of complications remained. He announced that unless the bullet embedded in the muscles of the back cause trouble there would be no necessity to extract it. In his opinion, it could no even be located with the X-ray. The only use of the X-ray, he said, would be to satisfy curiosity. All the othe physicians were equally confident, after the morning consultation, that recovery was assured. Dr. Mynter said the President was out of the woods, and De Wasdin supplemented the figure of speech by adding: "With plenty of daylight behind him. Dr. Roswell Park expressed it this way: "Unless unexpected complications occur we expect him to recover." The day, which had dawned wet and gloomy, cleared as the physicians departed. The sun broke through the clouds and bathed the ivy-clad house in which the President lay in mellow sunshine.

Day Grew Radiant.

The faces of the sentries who paced their beats before the sun grew radiant, the tireless workers at the press were jubilant, and the people who gathered at the lines were so overjoyed with the strong assurance given that several times they were on the point of raising a cheer. Even the exposition managers began to plan a day of thanksgiving, not alone for the exposition, but one in which the whole country could join. It is to be given the aspect of a national day of rejoicing.

They are arranging that, on a certain day, the bells of all the cities and towns in the United States be set ringing and that the rejoicing be heralded with the tooting of whistles and the booming of cannon.

General Jubilation To-day.

The members of the cabinet, Senator Hanna, General Grosvenor (who only arrived from Ohio this morning), and all the other distinguished friends of the President who have remained here to await the issue of the attempt upon his life, hurried to the Milburn residence to learn the particulars and join in the general jubilation. For hours carriages and automobiles streamed up Delaware avenue. Down town the people gathered in crowds at the bulletin boards and gave vent to their feelings in rejoicing and at the exposition the thousands of visitors who read the bulletins, posted everywhere, burst into cheres.

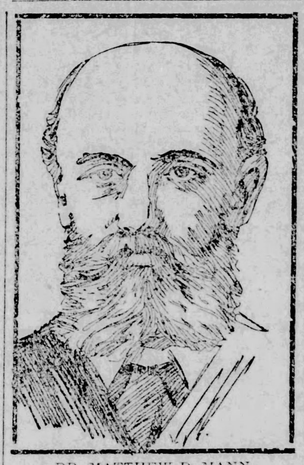
Not an Unfavorable Symptom.

Milburn House, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept 10.—Again what may be termed a crisis night, the fourth since the dastardly attempt on the life of President McKinley, has passed without a single symptom unfavorable to the President's recovery. In fact the tone of the first bulletin this morning was most carefully worded rejoicing that the distinguished patient had been more comfortable during the night than during any previous period since he was wounded. Both pulse and temperature are a trifle higher than yesterday morning, but so little as to cause no worry, and in fact rather to give encouragement by the slightness of the change of condition. Between 2 a. m. and 6.30 a. m. there was not a sign of life about the Milburn mansion, except that at 3.45 Dr. Park, who had been one of the night watchers, left the house to go to his room. At rare intervals the watchers on the corner opposite would see the light in the President's room brighten a little as the attendants did something for the patient's comfort. At 6 o'clock a gentle rain began falling,

such as may be worn where breezes are cool, and extends its usefulness into the fall. The French effect of the long waist and the short skirt has made great strides into the fancy of the mothers. The sleeve of this dress is a plain bishop sleeve. The caps and the bands trimming the yoke may be more or less elaborate, and may be made either with or without embroidery.

making it unpleasant for the newspaper watchers and the guards. Luckily the civic and military authorities had provided shelter, a big election booth forming a fairly comfortable retreat from which the front of the Milburn house could be kept under observation.

At 6 o'clock, the hour at which the first bulletin had been issued on other mornings, there was no sign of life about the house, except the slowly moving guards parading the walks, and it was understood that Secretary Cortelyou had left word that he was not to be disturbed until 7 o'clock, another slight indication that the patient was doing well.



DR. MATTHEW D. MANN,
The Man Who Performed the Operation on President McKinley.

NEGRO WHO STRUCK DOWN THE ASSASSIN

Giant In Size and Is as Erect as an Indian.

Washington, Sept. 10.—A suggestion was thrown out in the executive departments yesterday that it would be proper for the American people to do something for the colored man, Parker, whose prompt action possibly saved the President's life. The would-be assassin himself complained that it was the stunning blow delivered upon him by Parker that prevented him from firing another shot. Inquiries are being made for Parker's full name and history.

James B. Parker, of 450 Sixth avenue, New York city, is the negro who stood directly ahead of Czolgosz, when he shot President McKinley, and who hurled him to the ground with a terrific blow after the second shot was fired. Parker was born in Atlanta 45 years ago in

JAMES B. PARKER.
The Colored Man Who Knocked Down the President's Assailant.

slavery. He left New York last spring to serve as a waiter in an exposition cafe. He is a giant in size, standing over six feet, and as erect as an Indian. The assassin tore his vest buttons entirely off in the struggle. Parker was at one time a waiter in the Kimball house, Atlanta.

MUST PROTECT THE PRESIDENTS SAYS HON. TOM REED

Kingsley, N. Y., Sept. 10.—Judge A. T. Clearwater, of this city, just returned from Bar Harbor, was with Speaker Thomas Reed when Mr. Reed heard of the attempt to kill President McKinley. Mr. Reed expressed the warmest hope that the injuries were less serious than reported and for the President's speedy recovery. He said that the time had arrived to protect presidents from close contact with large crowds. It was not a question of courage. All presidents were courageous, but their duty was to be protected. The position was so exalted and important, so much depended on the life and health of a president that he should not be permitted to risk it needlessly.

Postoffice in Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, Sept. 6.—The new Russian postoffice was opened in Jerusalem yesterday with great public ceremony, in the presence of members of the Russian consulate, Russian clergy, Russian residents and pilgrims.

Coughing?

Start at once for your drug store for some cough medicine. If you meet your doctor on the way, tell him you are going after a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he has anything better to offer you, get it. We want to help you, and so does your doctor.

"I coughed terribly after having la grippe. If it had not been for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I don't think I could possibly have pulled through."
E. B. Davis, Providence, R. I.

25c., 50c., $1.00. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

Arrested by the Police of Chicago as an Accessory.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—Captain Colleran, chief of detectives, has sworn out a warrant charging Emma Goldman with conspiracy to assassinate President McKinley. Miss Goldman, who was arrested to-day, is being held at the Central police station in this city.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—Emma Goldman, whose speeches are alleged to have fired the brain of Leon Czolgosz, the would-be assassin of President McKinley, was arrested here shortly before noon to-day. Miss Goldman's manner was defiant as she was led into the office of Chief of Police O'Neill, but she disclaimed all knowledge of Czolgosz and his crime, admitting only that she met him here July 12.

"Do you know that your words are what Czolgosz claims stirred him to shoot the President?" she was asked.

"I do not; I never advocated violence. I scarcely know the man. I was leaving for Rochester, via Buffalo, when Czolgosz had a few words with me. He said he had heard me lecture at some memorial hall in Cleveland last May, and that he wanted to know me. He said he knew I was in Chicago, and looked me up. I scarcely remember anything about him, except that his complexion was light."

Newspapers Told Her So.

"Then how do you know that this man is the one who tried to kill the President?"

"Oh," with a shrug of the shoulders, "I guessed that from what the newspapers say."

"What did you think when you heard that an attempt to kill the President had

EMMA GOLDMAN.

been made?" the woman was asked.

With a wave of her hands and another shrug of the shoulders, she answered disdainfully:

"I am an anarchist—a student of socialism—but nothing in anything I ever said to Leon Czolgosz, knowingly, would have led him to do the act which startled everybody Friday."

"Not even in your lectures? He said your words set his brain on fire?" asked the interviewer.

"Am I accountable because some crackbrained person put a wrong construction on my words? Leon Czolgosz, I am convinced, planned the deed unaided and entirely alone. There is no anarchist ring which would help him. There may be anarchists who would murder, but there also are men in every walk of life who some times feel the impulse to kill. I do not know surely, but I think Czolgosz was one of those downtrodden men who see all the misery which the rich inflict upon the poor; who think of it, who brood over it, and then, in despair, resolve to strike a great blow, as they think, for the good of their fellow men. But that is not anarchy. Czolgosz (the woman pronounced the name with the greatest ease)—Czolgosz may have been inspired by me, but, if he was, he took the wrong way of showing it."

CZOLGOSZ'S PENALTY.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 8.—Colonel Myron T. Herrick, one of the President's most intimate friends, arrived here early today from Buffalo, having left the Milburn residence about midnight.

"When I left Buffalo the physicians felt great encouraged and all had strong hopes that the President would pull through," said the colonel to The Associated Press correspondent.

Referring to the would-be assassin and the anarchists, Mr. Herrick said: "In view of the general feeling aroused among the people of the country against the anarchists as a result of the shooting of President McKinley, it seems to me that the time is most opportune to demand a change in the laws so that any attempt on the life of the chief executive may be punished by death. There is a strong sentiment in favor of congress taking action during the coming session in reference to the matter.

"I was told in Buffalo that if President McKinley recovers his assailant probably cannot be punished by more than seven years' imprisonment, under the laws of New York. To me this seems a condition that should be remedied by national legislation at the earliest possible moment. Once in four years the people of this country elect a president and he immediately becomes a target for every cheap crank looking for notoriety in the country. In my opinion every anarchist in the United States should be hunted down like a mad dog and confined just as are lunatics or other dangerous persons."

Continuing, Mr. Herrick said that it was due to the authorities of Buffalo, to say that they had taken every possible precaution to avoid an attack on the President and that no fault whatever could be attached to the officials as a result of the shooting. Mr. Herrick will return to Buffalo to-night.

Betting on the Race.

New York, Sept. 4.—The Evening World to-day says that bettors on the American defender are now unwilling to give better than even money on the result of the races for the America's cup.

THE GRAND ARMY.

Cleveland Is Alive With the Civil War Veterans.

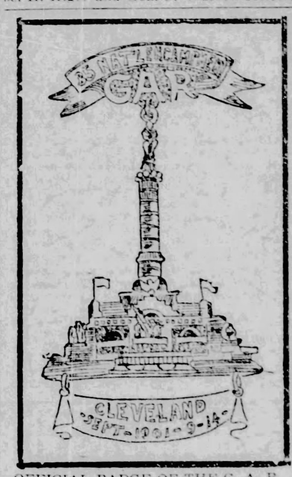
Cleveland, Sept. 10.—The first real day of the Grand Army encampment opened to-day with nearly 200,000 visitors in the city. The day was the eighty-seventh anniversary of Commodore Perry's great victory on Lake Erie and that memorable and decisive triumph of young America's naval prowess was fittingly celebrated by a great naval parade in which the naval veterans of the rebellion participated.

A light rain was falling early in the day, but this did not deter the visitors from assembling in immense throngs along the line of march. The rain had ceased shortly before the hour set for the parade to start, and the weather continued favorable, although cloudy and threatening until it disbanded.

The parade formed on Lake and intersecting streets and moved along Water to Superior, on Superior to the east side of Monument Square, on Euclid avenue to Bond street, on Bond street through the court of honor, with its reviewing stands to Summit and on Summit street westward to disbandment.

General Leo Rassieur, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, with his staff, reviewed the parade.

In the reviewing stand with General Rassieur was ex-Secretary of War Russel A. Alger and Gen. J. Warren Keifer,



OFFICIAL BADGE OF THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

of Springfield, major general of volunteers, together with other prominent veterans and celebrities.

Admiral Daniel F. Kelley, a past commander of the National Association of Naval Veterans, acted as grand marshal commanding.

The Naval Parade.

The parade moved in six divisions, as follows:

First division—Captain Wm. E. Witt, N. R., O. N. G., marshal; staff; band; officers and crews U. S. S. Michigan, U. S. S. Fessenden, U. S. S. Yantic, U. S. S. Hawk; brigade of naval reserves; float; carriages containing U. S. naval officers, U. S. marine officers and committee.

Second Division—Col. W. H. Pond, O. N. G., marshal; staff; band; first battalion engineers; Fifth regiment, O. N. G.; Company D, Ninth battalion, O. N. G.; Battery A, light artillery, O. N. G.

Third division—Union Jack, commodore's flag. Commodore Frederick E. Haskins, marshal; staff; present and past national officers, etc.; band; National Association Naval Veterans, U. S. A.

Fourth division—Col. C. C. Shanklin, marshal; staff; band; Union ex-Prisoners of War association, Col. James Atwell, commanding.

Fifth division—Captain Geo. R. McKay, marshal; marshal and staff; band; Spanish American war veterans; First brigade, Second division, Twentieth army corps, consisting of the Seventh O. V. I., Twenty-ninth O. V. I., Fifth O. V. I., Sixty-sixth O. V. I., Twenty-eighth Penn. V. I., One Hundred and Forty-seventh Penn. V. I.; other volunteer organizations; Battery A, O. N. G.; Band; First O. V. L. A., under command of Gen. James Barnet; Independent battalions O. V. L. A.; Nineteenth O. V. L. A.

Sixth division—Lieut. C. L. Burridge, marshal; staff; band; Cleveland Grays; Scot's Guards; Cadets, etc.; brigade commander and staff; colonel commanding First regiment and staff; band; First regiment, Knights of St. John; colonel commanding Second regiment and staff; band; Second regiment Knights of St. John; other organizations.

Regret Roosevelt's Absence.

Much regret was expressed by veterans to-day at the announcement that Vice President Theodore Roosevelt will not be able to attend the encampment. It was confidently expected that the popular military idol would be here on President's day, but dispatches from Buffalo indicate that he went to Oyster Bay to-day.

The citizens' committee on President's Day have placed the arrangements for Thursday entirely in the hands of Senator Hanna, who will also preside at the proceedings of the big G. A. R. convention.

Senator Hanna will arrive in Cleveland to-night when a meeting of the committee will convene to complete the plans for President's day.

There is no doubt as to the effect of the attempted assassination of the President upon the present gathering of men of the Grand Army of the Republic. It has stirred the patriotism of the people to the inmost recesses of the heart's emotion, and the veterans and their friends are coming in force so to sorrow as the will of Providence may dictate.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles gave expression to a sentiment which is reflected in the hearts of every patriot present.

Tall and sturdy as though the snows of over seventy winters had not silted their powder into his scanty locks, standing erect upon his crutches, General Sickles strode yesterday into National G. A. R. headquarters. Lifting his cap to Gen. Leo Rassieur and the other dignitaries, he bowed and exclaimed:

Sickles Expresses Himself.

"Comrades, let us thank God for the news from Buffalo. The Lord has heard the uplifted prayers of the civilized and uncivilized world. Christian, Mohammedan, Chinese and all people have united with us in prayer that McKinley might be spared to us. That prayer is answered. Blessed be the name of the Lord who preserves that great personality to us."

Then, dropping his impressive manner, the general added:

"I'll back McKinley's luck every time. The God of battles stood by him during the war. The God of good fortune has remained with him ever since. He cannot die at this time and under such circumstances."

Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, also sounded the keynote of the encampment at the reunion of the First Ohio Volunteer Light Infantry.

"Tempering every breath of happiness at this reunion is the fearful tragedy of last Friday," said General Manderson. "I do not exaggerate when I say tha the example set by you for forty year has been one of patriotism. Yo have trained your sons to be sons o America, to know what it is to uphol the flag of our free institutions.

"There remains to be trampled under foot an element of our population, countenanced and sustained by an unbridled press, an unprincipled rostrum, preaching the gospel of discontent. I do not say too much when I assert that this element delights in condemnation—aye, contempt for the powers that be.

"I can find no words in which to fittingly refer to the wretch who has done this thing, but I hold him harmless compared with those who prompted such sentiments. It is for us and for our sons to stamp out anarchy and socialism as we stamped out secession."

COLOMBIA'S WAR.

The Revolutionists Are Active and Score Some Success.

New York, Sept. 4.—Plans for the movements of the revolutionists in Colombia have been received by their agents here, and if all has gone well confirmatory news of a startling nature is soon to be expected. The Red D line steamer Philadelphia brought a large mail for Dr. Restrepo, the agent for the revolutionary party in this city. Interviewed he said:

"Altogether in Colombia we have now an army of more than 20,000 men, well armed and equipped. General Uribe Uribe has 10,000 well drilled troops under him and, according to our advices, was to start on his campaign of invasion of Colombia at a point below San Cristobal on August 23.

"Before his lines is General Gonzales Valencia, with nearly an equal number of Colombian troops to oppose him.

Riochacha Surrounded.

"At Riochacha, which is the seaport at the northern part of the department of Magdalena, with a population of 10,000, we have two generals with a force of 3,000 men, who now have the city surrounded. General C. Castillo is in command, and General J. M. Castillo is next in charge, with the forces divided about equally between them.

"I can find no words in which to fittingly refer to the wretch who has done this thing, but I hold him harmless compared with those who prompted such sentiments. It is for us and for our sons to stamp out anarchy and socialism as we stamped out secession."

REBELS SUNK LA POPA.

New York, Sept. 4.—The brief cable mention of the recent sinking of the Colombian gunboat La Popa, has been supplemented by further particulars regarding the accident, by mail, says the Tribune. General Joaquin Velez, governor of Bolivia, charges that La Popa was sunk by rebels and has caused the imprisonment of the four survivors, charging them with complicity in the plot.

The government has used every endeavor to suppress the details of the wreck. On this account it is not definitely known how many lives were lost. La Popa was carrying troops from Cartagena to Barranquilla, and none of them was saved.

The war ship, which went down about 60 miles from the port of Savanilla, also carried a cargo of a half million cartridges and 1,000 rifles, the loss of which will be seriously felt by the government.

The sinking of La Popa will also cripple the naval fighting force, as Colombia recently sold the Cordova, which was her largest ship, and is now left with only one gunboat of account. This is the General Pinzon, formerly the American steam yacht Nanuma.

AT RIO HACHA.

New York, Sept. 9.—The statement given out by the Colombian minister at Washington that a Venezuelan fleet was bombarding the port of Rio Hacha is denied by Dr. A. J. Restrepo, diplomatic representative of the Colombian insurgents here. He says that the attack was made by the revolutionary fleet.

Local revolutionists had expected the news of the engagement for the last week, and were jubilant yesterday, because they felt little doubt about the port being already in their possession.

Dr. Restrepo said the capture of the Rio Hacha was of the utmost importance to the rebels, because this would place the entire Atlantic coast, including Barranquilla and Santa Marta at their mercy and bring about an early victory for their arms. He added that he was sanguine the battle had been fought, and that it had resulted in a defeat for the government, which is withholding the news.

Dr. Ricardo Becerra, who cabled the Colombian legation at Washington from Curacao that the Venezuelan navy was bombarding the territory of her neighbor, was exiled a year ago by President Castro. He was minister of Colombia here during the insurrection of 1885, and secured the armed intervention of the United States.

REBEL ACTIVITY IN PANAMA AND COLON

Kingston, Jamaica, Sept. 9.—The royal mail steamer Para, from Colon, reports rebel activity in the neighborhood of Panama and Colon. She also reports that fighting has taken place at Bocas Del Toro. The government of the latter place failing to repulse the liberals, the rebels have given notice of their intention to attack Colon within a fortnight. The government is constantly moving troops to meet the rebel advances. Trade continues almost paralyzed.

FAIK PASHA ESCAPED.

Constantinople, Sept. 10.—Vice Admiral Faik Pasha, chief of the general staff of the admiralty, has made his escape from Constantinople, going by British steamer to Malta. Part of the consequence of his memorial to the sultan denouncing the maladministration in the navy, caused his flight. His property has been declared forfeited.

Increasing Natal.

Pietermaritzburg, Natal, Sept. 5.—Sir Albert Hime, premier of Natal, in the course of an election speech here, announced that the Natal government was advocating a considerable expansion of territory by the addition of large areas of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

KNOWLEDGE OF FOOD.

Proper Selection of Great Importance in Summer.

The feeding of infants is a very serious proposition, as all mothers know. Food must be used that will easily digest, or the undigested parts will be thrown into the intestines and cause sickness.

It is important to know that a food can be obtained that is always safe; that is Grape-Nuts.

A mother writes: "My baby took the first premium at a baby show on the 8th inst., and is in every way a prize baby. I have fed him on Grape-Nuts since he was five months old. I also use your Postum Food Coffee for myself." Mrs. L. F. Fishback, Alvin, Tex.

Grape-Nuts food is not made solely for a baby food by any means, but is manufactured for all human beings who have trifling or serious difficulties in the stomach and bowels.

One special point of value is that the food is predigested in the process of manufacture, not by any drugs or chemicals whatsoever, but simply by the action of heat, moisture, and time, which permits the diastase to grow, and change the starch into grape-sugar. This presents food to the system ready for immediate assimilation.

Its special value as a food, beyond the fact that it is easily digested, is that it applies the needed elements to quickly rebuild the cells in the brain and nerve centers throughout the body.

FREE

A Marvelous New Book on Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism.

Startling Facts which are Agitating the Whole Country.

The Labors of nearly Fifty Experts combined for the Elevation of Mankind.

The Great Universities of America and Europe contribute to the final course.

The Occult so Simple that everybody can be Successful.

One of the most astounding new books of the age is the one just published by the American College of Sciences, of Philadelphia.

The new facts presented prove that every person has the power to exert an influence over others, and that it is not merely the strongest mind that can sway multitudes.

This wonderful book tickles hypnotic science into every human heart and tells how each may be quickly mastered—mastered so completely at home that anyone can perform the most marvelous things that all have read about, but that few have seen demonstrated.

The true secrets of Hypnotism, Magnetic Healing, Personal Influence and Absent Control are laid bare so that the most ordinary persons can readily grasp and utilize what nature has endowed them with.

By devoting a little time to the science you can lift yourself from despair to the grandest heights of affluence and success, gain gratifying power and gain marked business and social power.

Professional and business men everywhere have given this new book their unqualified praise, and even ministers of the gospel have expressed their heartiest approval.

If you wish to avail yourself of the knowledge contained in this beautifully illustrated work, send 10 cents to cover postage, to the American College of Sciences, Dept. TAI, 616 to 620 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and a copy will be sent you by return mail, free of charge.

HANDSOME American lady, independently rich, wants good, honest husband. Address Box 163 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

LET US START YOU $300 to $40 Weekly and Expenses. WE WANT A MAN AT HOME or TRAVELING. Our agents and salesmen made over $500,000 last year, employing the enormous demand for our famous Quaker Bath Cabinet and appointing agents. We lead—others follow. No experience or capital required. WRITE today for New Proposition. Please Exc. Full P. World Mfg. Co., 402 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O. (We recommend above firm as reliable.—Editor.)

PRINCE CHUN.

The Chinese Chuckling Because of His Victory.

London, Sept. 5.—"The Chinese are chuckling over Prince Chun's victory in Berlin," says the Pekin correspondent of the Times. "The incident has given Russia another opportunity of forswearing that Germany would vyed. The Russian legation daily advise China through Li Hung Chang to keep him and thus embarrass Germany, declaring that the Kaiser, in his friendship for China, was interceding with Emperor William to day and placed wreaths on the tombs

PRINCE CHUN.

Spare China an indignity. Accordingly the Chinese attribute Prince Chun's success to Russian assistance."

The Letter of Apology.

Petsdam, Sept. 5.—The following is the text of the letter presented by Prince Chun to Emperor William: "The great emperor of the Chinese empire to his majesty, the great German emperor. Greeting:

"Ever since the empires have been mutually represented by permanent legations, we have stood uninterrupted in friendly relationship with one another, especially since the visit of Prince Henry, whom I had the privilege of receiving frequently and treating with re intimate terms. Unfortunately in the fifth month of last year the boxers rebelliously penetrated into Pekin and the legations joined them. The result was the murder of your majesty's minister, Baron Von Ketteler, a man who as long as he occupied his post at Pekin, paid careful attention to interests of our countries and to whom we are bound to pay our special acknowledgments. We regret most deeply that Baron Von Ketteler met so terrible an end among us. The fact that we were not in a position to take due protective measures was painful to our senses of responsibility. It was this feeling of responsibility which prompted us to erect a monument on the spot, as a sign that the crime should not remain unexplated. Further, we have sent to Germany, with this letter, the Imperial Prince Chun-Tsai-Fong, heading a special mission. Prince Chun, our own brother, will assure your majesty how deeply the events of the past year have grieved us and how deeply feelings of penitence and shame still animate.

Your majesty sent your troops from a far distance, put down the Boxers rebellion and restored peace, for the welfare of our nation. We have therefore commanded Prince Chun to express personally to your majesty our thanks for your efforts in promoting peace. We cherish the hope that your majesty's indication will be replaced by the old friendship. That the relations between our empires will be even more extensive and of a more intimate and beneficent character than hitherto, is our firm assurance."

The HOUSEHOLD And YOUNGFOLKS

EDITED by EMILY S. BOUTON

YOU CANNOT FAIL.

Of that far end
To which life and change progress
Shape your destiny,
You cannot fail.
There is no place
Where Nature errs;
There are no laws
That of expression fail;
No elements mistake affinities;
You cannot fail.

No sun that with its myriad host
Illumines space is there in vain;
No atom under foot
But that fulfills
Its perfect part.
Suns burn out and Systems end,
But not for naught,
A lofty joy of Being thrills
Ere they depart.
And changes come
To light some more supernal day.
You cannot fail.

Time spreads its wrecks
Across the world
Man builds to-day
But ere his thought
Has reached completion
Oblivion's approaching night
Soon claims his work;
Yet not in vain.
Each thought and act
Was of realization full,
And Ideals vanish only
At the dawn of higher ones.
You cannot fail.

Ages unfold their plan
That you may rise.
In ceaseless toil and labor
Man has wrought,
And time and change
Have swept their work away;
But in the heart and mind
Results remain
That lift the soul
To higher places,
You cannot fail.

No change nor circumstance
Defeats the end
To which you live.
The past and future culminate
In your eternal Now.
What you may be,
What shall attain,
Naught ever can change;
For in perfection of the whole
Is every part involved.
You cannot fail.

—Realization.

A Critic's Letter Answered.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"In ceaseless toil and labor
Man has wrought,
And time and change
Have swept their works away;
But in the heart and mind,
Results remain
That lift the soul
To higher planes."

I have received a letter, most kindly in tone, but critical of my optimistic position regarding the upward trend of human life, and its relative condition of attainment to-day to that of a century ago. The writer's contention is, that while I have told the truth, it is not the "whole truth," and he questions whether, in the case of our own people, the advancement is what it ought to be, and what we have a right to expect at this day and age of the world, for," he continues, "it must not be forgotten that we are now living in the Twentieth Century." He then proceeds to set before me the moral failures of the present, which he appears to think I have not duly considered in my survey of humanity.

Briefly, I will answer my friendly critic.

First, I did not intend to tell the "whole truth," if by that is meant the counting o'er of all the wrongs that need to be made right. My article was not, in any sense, exhaustive nor designed to be. It was only in accord with the endeavor, which is a part of my creed, to see the best and brightest side of life. Why dwell continuously in the shadows, when there is always the Light shining? Not that it is wise to so wholly ignore the existence of what men call evils, that no effort is made to find a remedy. And yet this is true—if every human being would strive to see only the good in his neighbor, and recognize its presence, these evils we complain of would soon pass away.

"Is our civilization what it ought to be? Does the Christ-spirit prevail to the extent that it ought to prevail?"

No, a thousand times no! The millenium is still far away. But, because this is true, shall we stand mourning and refuse to look at what of good has been accomplished? Because we know that our civilization is yet crude and corrupt, shall we fail to perceive that it is making progress, however slow it may be, to something better? Every nation has its ideal towards which it is striving to advance. That ideal is lofty or low, according to the ideals of the individuals of which the nation is composed, but its expression is that of a moving unit.

In the current number of Realization I find this paragraph concerning human life as a whole:

"Impelled by a tireless energy, striving with unflagging persistence, hoping with sublime confidence, it moves resistlessly toward its temporary object. Each age and time furnishes its own ideals, which, while the aspiring souls are yet approaching it, fades, mirage-like, into that of the next. To each the whole effort is devoted until the truths it has to teach are learned and make higher perception possible. But always the Reality draws nearer."

Note the last sentence—always the Reality draws nearer. It means that however slow the movement, it is forever steadily onward towards the fulfilling of God's evolutionary law. And looking backward over the centuries we can see this is true. The "realization," when the Christ-spirit shall prevail, is still far away but it "draws nearer." And meanwhile, in spite of all of those conditions which my friend describes, and which do exist, the world has a higher perception of truth than it possessed even a century ago. One proof of this lies in the fact that what are recognized as giant evils to-day, flourished without notice then, as a careful study of history shows. When, for instance, has the world ever before even dreamed of the possiblity of universal peace?

Why, then, should we not be optimistic as to the present and the future? Why should we not take heart of grace by seeing the sunshine, instead of the clouds which perhaps lower to-day, but may vanish to-morrow?

Two men stood upon a hill top overlooking a stretch of ground that sloped to the sea. Rocky and unfertile it was, with no promise of anything better, and one called it utterly worthless, while the other declared its reclamation to be possible. A decade later they returned and looked again from the same view point. At their feet laid the same desolation, but lower down man's ceaseless toil and effort had made the wilderness blossom and bear fruit. It was but a small portion of the whole, so that still the doubter doubted, while the hopeful one saw in the far future a change yet greater.

Once more they came and looked downward, this time over fields of golden grain and fruited orchards, dotted with pretty homes that spoke of thrift and comfort. Then the doubter stood at last convinced, and the dreamer turned away, happy, for his vision had become reality.

The thought I want to convey is this—the endeavor always to see the best will help bring the best. It will give strength for the ceaseless toil and struggle in which human life is engaged, in the effort to reach its ideals. It does this for individuals, as each can prove for himself.

Looking on the bright side, however, should not close the eyes to a single duty unperformed. It should not diminish by a hair's breadth the individual effort to make the world a better place to live in. And it does not, for in reality, it is only a recognition of the Divine presence everywhere moving humanity to the unrest, which finally, through sin and sorrow and suffering, will bring its own uplifting.

For in perfection of the whole
Is every part involved.

PRISCILLA'S GOOD SENSE.

From several of Priscilla's neighbors there had come to me the information that she was "living the life of a recluse"—in other words, she had, all summer, refrained from "running in" to gossip with the neighbors and to encourage them in making early and very informal calls upon her; in consequence of this unsociability on her part, her friends were in a state of dense ignorance as to what she was doing, or of her plans and purposes. In fact, those kind neighbors were worried, and did not "know what to make of her."

In a small neighborhood such conduct could not fail to cause unpleasant comment and, as her god-mother, I was selected to remonstrate with the contumacious offender.

Having confidence in Priscilla's good sense, and knowing that she shared my dislike of "meddlers-with-other-people's affairs" (I wish there was some one word that would describe this kind of a person), I was in no haste to accept this mission, but as I always enjoy a visit with my god-child, I made it convenient to call upon her one day when it was too warm for anything else.

Priscilla being her own maid-of-all-work, opened the door for me, ushered me into her sitting room, gave me a fan, an easy chair, removed my hat, and placed on a convenient table a pitcher of ice water and a glass, that I might, in the words of Sairey Gamp, "put my lips to it when so disposed."

Then she resumed her seat in a low rocking chair, and took up her work, without as much as saying that it was a warm day, for it is one of the unwritten but carefully observed rules of her house that a guest shall be allowed the comfort of speechless quiet if she so elect.

The room was partially darkened to exclude the sunshine, a breeze came through the vine-shaded window, gently stirring the muslin curtains. There was an air of peaceful quiet pervading the apartment that just suited my friend, as she sat with her sewing work, looking as if she were at peace with all the world. She wore a dainty muslin gown, for she has yet to learn that "any old thing is good enough for home wear in the morning," and though five years married, her husband is still considered worth dressing for with all the care that would be given for strangers.

To look at her, as I do, no one would have suspected her of being an ungracious woman, or an unpleasant neighbor, and I said as much.

"So," she said, "you have heard—as I have—that I have been found guilty of attending strictly to my own business this summer, and of thinking that I could live, and move, and have a being, without consulting my neighbors at every turn. Sad as it may seem, I must admit that it is a 'true bill,' and a proof of my hardened condition is that I am not sorry, neither do I intend to change my ways. My neighbors are all good women, and I like them, and trust that I shall always be ready to do neighborly kindness for any of them.

"But tell me," she continued, "why should I leave my comfortable home on these hot days, for the sake of gadding about from house to house, talking of the weather, of what this or that person has said or done, who has company or a new frock, or any of the kindred subjects which form the principal topic of this gossipy-visiting back and forth among the neighbors?"

I find plenty to occupy me in caring for my house, and while my neighbors are complaining of the hot weather and the "loads of work" before them, I remain at home and do mine. This plan of doing my work during the cool hours of early morning gives me ample time for sewing and reading, whereas if I used the little strength I have in "neighboring" I should be hurried, tired and—cross. So I do the duty that lies nearest, and do not allow myself to be disturbed by any criticism that may be made.

Priscilla's reasoning seemed so true, and she had so evidently exhausted the subject that I considered it policy to change it by asking about the work she had in hand.

"Making rugs for my bath room," she answered. "I had a quantity of cotton pieces, so cut them up into carpet rags and shall have them woven into rugs. They are light, soft and easily washed, which makes them especially useful in the bath room, and are much more comfortable than a wool rug. Besides, I feel a satisfaction in not being obliged to sell the rags for a cent and a half a pound.

I shall have three of these rugs; one will be white with a border across each end of turkey red, another will be of blue and white, while the one on which I now am working, being made of the leavings of the other two will be of the national colors, done hit-or-miss.

"The basket containing the rags is always convenient if I have a few spare moments, and it is astonishing how soon one can 'accomplish' a rug if they try."

I found that many other things had been "accomplished" in her spare moments. A bed comforter was made from blocks cut from the pieces of canton flannel left from gowns, under-skirts and negligee shirts, which will accumulate in every family piece-bag.

Priscilla devoted her spare time one day to cutting these blocks and stringing on a thread enough of them to make one stripe. When she had time she would sew one of the stripes, and after all were done and pressed, it was an easy matter to put them together. Another half day sufficed to line and tie it, and lo! in place of many little rolls of pieces, she had a good, warm comforter for her bed.

As I returned to my home that day it was with the conviction that Priscilla had indeed chosen wisely in economizing her strength for the "must be dones," instead of frittering it away in idle talk for the sake of being considered neighborly.

I also remembered that I had utterly and entirely forgotten to chide her for her faults, for which purpose I was supposed to make the visit. S. F. W.

WHEN JOHNNY SPENDS THE DAY.

When Johnny spends the day with us you never seen the beat
O' all the things a-happenin' in this ole house an' street.
Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry door an' cellar,
An' every place that's like as not to interest a feller,"
An' all her chiny ornyments, a-stickin' 'round the wall.
She sets as high as she kin reach, fer fear they'll git a fall.
An' then she gits the arnicky, an' stickin-plaster out,
An' says, "When Johnny's visitin' they're good to have about."
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, pa puts his bocks away,
An' says, "How long, in thunder, is that noosance goin' to stay?"
He brings the new lawn mower up, an' locks it in the shed,
An' hides his strop an' razor, 'tween the covers on the bed.
He says, "Keep out that liberry, whatever else you do,
Er I shall have a settlement with you, an' Johnny too!"
Says he, "It makes a lot o' fuss
To have him spend the day with us!"

When Johnny spends the day with us, the man across the street
Runs out and swears like anything, an' stamps with both his feet;
An' says he'll have us 'rested 'cause his winder-glass is broke,
An' if he ever ketches us it won't be any joke!
He never knows who done it, 'cause there's no one ever round,
An' Johnny, in perticular, ain't likely to be found.
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, the cat gits up an' goes
A-scootin' 'crost a dozen lots to some ole place she knows;
The next door children climb the fence, an' hang around fer hours,
An' bust the hinges off the gate, an' trample down the flowers;
An' break the line with Bridget's wash, an' muddy up the cloze;
An' Bridget she gives warnin' then—an' that's the way it goes—
A plenty noise an' plenty fuss,
When Johnny spends the day with us!

—September Century.

AFRIC'S DEFEAT.

The mocking birds in the fig tree had begun to sing, long before sunrise, and they were still filling the air with music, though it was now 8 o'clock. Aunty May and Lorry, who sat on the cool back porch, thought the birds must be getting ready to give a concert.

"Perhaps," said Aunty May, "they are planning a fly and a picnic to that beautiful black cherry orchard we saw yesterday, and are getting a program of music ready."

"I guess the orchard man would rather go without the concert than to have a flock of mocking birds come into his cherry trees and give it," said Lorry. "They are regular gourmands. Why, mother can hardly get a whole fig for her sweet pickles, unless she gathers them before they are ripe; the birds take them all."

"Oh, well," Aunty May replied, "they destroy insects enough to pay for all the fruit they eat, and I'd rather hear them sing in the morning than to eat the best sweet pickles ever made. Now listen to that one on the barn roof!"

Lorry turned his head and looked. There, at the very top of the weather vane on the ridge of the barn airily fluttered a mocking bird, pouring out such strains of music as can come only from a thing care-free and happy.

"Pretty, pretty, pretty! Sweet, sweet, sweet!" The bird threw the light tones into the air and then—as if it could not throw out all of its joy from one little throat—it threw itself after the notes; shot straight up a few feet, hung there in a fluttering ecstacy, then shot down again to the vane, and began once more: "Sweet, sweet, sweet! Pretty, pretty, pretty!"

Aunty May laughed as she shaded her eyes to watch the bird while she said: "It means itself, of course; and it is pretty and sweet. I love those mocking birds."

Presently the singer flew from the weather vane and alighted upon the topmost branch of a tall orange tree not far from the fig grove. The mocking birds like the high places and always take them without waiting to be asked. There were other mocking birds in the orange tree, and a young brood had been reared there early in the season.

Lorry had thrown himself into the hammock and was reading diligently in his United States history, for examination was at hand.

Aunty May's "Battenberg" centerpiece lay in her lap, her hands had fallen idle, her eyes had wandered beyond the near things and were fixed upon the mountains, lying strong and bare and brown in the morning light. Suddenly into the place of the day came a discord. A venturesome young mocking bird had flown down from the orange tree to the little pool of water on the ground below. Quick from his mat of comfort on the porch sprang Afric, the black cat, and with a pounce like that of his puma cousin in the desert, he was on the young bird, while in the tree above rose a jargon of angry cries and frightened chirps.

If black Afric was quick, Aunty May was quick, too. Before Lorry was out of the hammock, the Battenberg centerpiece, work bag and scissors, were flying over the porch, and aunty was flying down the two steps; it was only a second before she had seized Afric by the neck and given him several smart "thwacks" with her white hand; "thwacks" which made him draw in his sharp claws that held the bird, and shrink away under the porch, blinking, baffled, chagrined, ashamed. That he—the pampered of the family—should be cuffed, actually cuffed! —it was too humiliating!

Meantime Aunty May and Lorry Picked up the trembling bird, stroked its ruffled feathers tenderly into place, and found out that it was not hurt, though some of its plumage lay on the ground. Lorry climbed up into the orange tree, aunty handed the bird up to him, and after putting it into a safe crotch, he swung himself down.

"Now," said Aunty May, who was not married and so had many theories about bringing up children and other young animals, "you say that you never before knew Afric to jump at a bird. Well, we must watch him closely and punish him every time he molests one; that's the way children have to be taught; he'll soon learn; if we are persistent."

"All right, aunty," said Lorry, "I'll bring my riding whip around to the porch and hang it up where it will be handy."

It never occurred to aunty and Lorry that the mocking birds themselves might teach the cat something.

Afric spent half an hour in depressed solitude under the porch, and then came up the steps with a soft, conciliating tread, and lay down on his mat in the sunshine. No reproachful words or looks met him, for aunty had gone out to ride, and Lorry to his lessons. Only prim little Miss Putpyle, the seamstress, sat near the open window and saw what happened, though she did not understand what it meant until afterward.

Afric, unrobbed by a conscience—none of the cat family have any—closed his eyes and dozed peacefully in the warm sun rays.

Out from the orange tree came a whirr of wings, a flash of brown and white, and mocking bird the first was literally on Afric's back. The little claws were thrust in and the little beak gave two vicious tugs at the soft, black fur. Another whirr, another flash of color, and mocking bird the first was back in the tree, where he was greeted by a chorus of approving chirpings.

Afric had sprung up from his nap, arched his neck, fluffed his tail, looked around in anger, and then marched over to the rug near the hammock and laid down on that. He watched things for a while with half-shut eyes, then dozed off again.

Down flashed another bird, alighting on the cat's back and pecking away more fiercely than the first one had; then she flew back to her abettors in the tree, who greeted her with cries of "Plucky, plucky, plucky! Fleet, fleet, fleet!"

Afric certainly had felt the beak and claws, for he tried to reach his back with his tongue. He knew, now, who his enemies were and where they were, but what could he do? Aunty May and Lorry likely to drop down on him from the rear, and the attacking party in front. The odds were not in his favor. Best for him to retreat and make his fight some other day when the field was more promising. Yes, he would go down to the barn where the mice were. With great dignity, stepping carefully around the wet places where the water had been running, he began a stately walk to the barn.

"Retreat, retreat, retreat!" called out the sentinel on top of the orange tree, and, leaving his post, he shot out in pursuit, landing on Afric's back and giving him an angry dig with his beak; then he shot back to the tree and urged on his companion, who flew to the attack and pounced down on the enemy with a shrill, "Take that!" then a peck, and a whirr back, while a third flashed down, piping out, "Man—ow—ow—Cat."

"I saw it all," said prim little Miss Putpyle to Aunty Mary and Lorry, "I never would have believed that birds had so much fight in 'em. I know, by the way bits of fur flew, that their must have been a fight; there we all make an effort to lift up the ranks."

That is exactly what the Schoolmistress thinks about it.

A. Faul says: "Those 'big boys' in your A class are correct in their criticism of my problem of July 31. As nearly as I can recollect now, it was brought about by my mixing two problems—an equilateral triangle and a pyramid—solving the pyramid instead of the other. I humbly beg forgiveness of the teacher and those 'big boys' for causing so much trouble in the school, and if not expelled, will try to do better hereafter."

All is forgiven, but please don't mix such complicated matters again.

Ill Nois takes the September Banner, with Old Dan Tucker second, and W. P. E. third.

Solution of Marley Cranford's problem of August 29: If A, B, C, D and E can do a piece of work in 1-2, 1-3, 1-4, 1-5 and 1-6 of a day respectively, if they work together they can do 2 times, 3 times, 4 times, 5 times, and 6 times the same amount of work in a day. This is equal to 20 times the amount they could do working alone. If they can do 20 times the amount of work in a day, to do the same amount will take them 1-20 of a day, or 1 hour and 12 minutes.

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THE COZY CORNER

An Answer Given.

"Another Subscriber" writes in answer to the inquiry of "Subscriber:"

In a recent issue of The Blade I saw an inquiry in regard to a woman who was afflicted with leprosy in California. I enclose a clipping from the Pacific Homestead, which will, I think, give the desired information. Hoping that this may be the means of bringing a little sunshine into the life of this suffering woman, I suggest that we each send her ness before the world, but there are so many who consider their burdens too heavy to bear, and these may learn from this woman's life how much greater affliction might be laid upon them, and we also repeat the story hoping that some of our readers may send her reading matter a kindly letter or some little piece of fancy work for her room, or to occupy some of the time that hangs so heavily upon her hands.

Mrs. Todd, the leper, is an Englishwoman of education and refinement who, at the death of her husband, took up nursing as a means of support and it was in the practice of her chosen profession that she received the infection which has made her life a living death. Her address is Mrs. L. W. Todd, Pest House, San Francisco, Cal. It must not be forgotten however, that no answer can be expected to any communication for her, as she is barred from sending letters.

Her Sideboard Made Over.

Helen E., Ohio, tells how she has "fixed up" the drawers to her sideboard.

Dear Cozy Corner friends, as I suppose you have all had the same trouble a letter or some reading matter to show our sympathy.

From the clipping sent comes the following extract: It is not always wise to bring such sad- in keeping your knives, forks and spoons from tarnishing and becoming marred with use, that I have. I am going to tell you what I have done to prevent it. My sideboard is nothing more or less than an old-fashioned chest of drawers that belonged to my grandmother, but I find it very convenient for holding my table linen and silver, while the lower drawer is deep enough to hold a cake, or a tin of extra cookies.

The wood is solid mahogany, but, of course, was dull and marred by years of using before it came into my possession. We had it scraped and polished; the upright supports of the looking-glass were removed and the glass hung cross-wise over the top.

There were three drawers which I have arranged in this way: The upper one I lined with white canton flannel making pockets for the knives, forks and spoons on the sides. The drawer is deep enough so they can stand straight up, and as each knife and fork has a place of its own they are in no danger of becoming scratched by contact.

In one pocket, I keep my solid silver spoons, the plated ones for every-day use I keep in another, and the tablespoons have a pocket made long enough to hold them.

The bottom of the drawer is covered with the same material, and this was put in last so as to cover the edges of the side pieces. In fastening the lining I used tiny brass-headed tacks, and the whole effect is very pleasing to the eye as well as very useful.

The second drawer I lined with white paper cambric, and in this I keep my cloths, napkins and embroidered pieces for the table. The drawer is large enough to hold all without crowding.

The third, or "the deep drawer" as I remember hearing my mother call it, is also lined with the white, smooth paper cambric, but the cover for the bottom is not fastened down, in order that it may be easily removed. In here I keep my cake box, and in winter I think I shall keep my mince pies if I have any.

I have a friend who admired this arrangement so much that she tried to imitate it as far as possible in her sideboard. As hers was a modern affair with shallow drawers, she was obliged to make the pockets for the knives running lengthwise and could have but two (pockets) on each side of the drawers, but in spite of this she found her silver was kept in better condition than when it was all piled promiscuously together.

Across the top, and under the glass, I have a linen cover, and on it stand some pieces of old china that are contemporaries of the sideboard itself, all having been a part of my grandmother's wedding gifts many many years ago.

I wonder if these old friends do not enjoy being together, among so many new and modern things. I am sure it must be a comfort to them, and so I mean to keep them together as long as I live.

To the "Blessed Raindrops."

M. E. Parrott, sends the following lines which will be appreciated by those who have waited so anxiously for the "blessed rain:"

AFTER THE DROUTH.

Oh, the blessed, blessed rain drops,
How they freshen up the earth,
While the music of their patter
Is as sweet as childish mirth.

Oh! the blessed, blessed raindrops,
Like a benediction sweet,
They fall upon the pavement
Of the hot and dusty street.

Oh! the blessed, blessed raindrops,
They are dripping from the eaves,
And through all the fields and forests
Bringing greenness to the leaves.

A Linen Shower Described.

"Country Girl."—A "linen shower" consists of articles of linen such as tablecloths, napkins, doilies, etc., given to a prospective bride, by her friends, a few days before her marriage.

As such an entertainment a table is usually placed where the gifts may be deposited by the guests as they enter. This table is decorated with white flowers and made to look as "bridey" as possible. When all have assembled, let some one with ready wit present the gifts, making some little speech with each offering and giving the name of the donor.

The bride-elect must open and show each present before another is handed to her. Much amusement may be had by the manner in which the presents are announced.

Another way of presenting these loving remembrances is for the recipient to stand at the foot of the stairs and the guests make a real shower by dropping the linen pieces upon her from above, but this does not give opportunity for so much real fun as the way first mentioned.

These "showers" are varied, by giving china, silver or kitchen utensils, and at a recent party in this city it was a "miscellaneous shower," every guest bringing anything she chose to help fit up the new home that was soon to be established.

After the "shower," games, or music, is the order of the afternoon and light refreshments are served.

Mrs. Edward Cassidy will find the answer to her inquiry in the Cook's department.

Questions regarding positions in schools or any other industrial places cannot be inserted upon the Household page.

APPETIZERS.

"A Constant Reader" sends the following, which is easily made, requiring no cooking, keeps well and is excellent with any kind of meat:

Horse Radish Catsup.

Chop fine and remove the seeds from one peck of tomatoes, barely ripe; one dozen medium-sized red peppers, one quart tender celery. Drain and add nearly a quart of grated horseradish, two heaping tablespoonfuls each of black pepper, cloves, cinnamon and other spices; one cupful of sugar, salt to season well and one-half gallon of cider vinegar. Mix thoroughly and bottle immediately. Let it stand in a cool, dark place for a few days, and it is ready for use.

Mushroom Catsup (Requested).

Wipe, but do not wash, freshly gathered mushrooms and place them in an earthen jar in alternate layers with salt, cover with a folded towel and let it stand in a very warm place for 24 hours, mash and strain, and to every quart of the liquor add one ounce of pepper-corns and boil slowly in a porcelain kettle for 30 minutes; then add one-quarter ounce of whole allspice, half an ounce of sliced ginger root, one dozen whole cloves and three blades of mace. Boil fifteen minutes longer, take from the fire and strain, when cool, through flannel. Put in small bottles, filling them to the very top, cork tightly and dip in sealing wax.

"A Constant Reader" asks for a recipe for making artificial honey. The recipe was given not very long ago in The Blade, and perhaps some one who has it will send it to this office.

An Attractive Book for Young People.

A NEW ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Runaway Robinson a story for young people, is the history of a progressive youth of long ago, who runs away from home in search of adventures in order to furnish material for an author by the name of De Foe. In the course of his wanderings, Robinson is wrecked on a desert island, where he meets with a talking parrot and an Irish ape. The talking parrot guides the castaway and the ape to the land of Mother Goose, where old King Cole is the ruler and his subjects the people every one has met in the pages of Mother Goose's book.

Mr. Charles M. Snyder is the author of this very imaginative creation, and his hero has many strange and wonderful experiences. A good part of his wonderful tale is told in jingling verse that goes with a taking swing. One of the best of these rhymed stories is the tragic romance of the grasshopper and the katydid, as sung by the intelligent parrot, "after it had extracted an enormous wad of plum-tree gum from its mouth and stuck it to the branch upon which it perched."

The following are the first three verses:

A grasshopper dude a young katydid wooed,
And eloped by the light of the moon;
While a dismal old frog, from the depths of his bog,
Croaked away like a river bassoon:
"Oh, katydid fair! you had better beware
Of that spindle-legged, gauzy-winged hop,
For he never was known with a thing of his own,
And all he can do is hop, hop, hop,
And all he can do is to hop."

But the warning was vain, for the giddy young twain
To his dismal old dumps tittered back:
"You're too ugly to woo, that's the trouble with you."
'Tis the heart for a frolic you lack.
It's a case of sour grapes, you forlorn jackanapes,
So no wonder our pleasures provoke.
For no one but a crank would sprawl out on a bank,
With nothing to do but croak, croak, croak,
With nothing to do but croak."

So they tripped on their way in a tantivy gay,
Closely held in a lover-like clasp;
And they ruffled their throats with ridiculous notes
That awoke all the air with their rasp.
Not a shade of regret checked this silly duet
Till the katydid suddenly cried:
"Are you wealthy or not, and how much have you got?"
And thus the grasshopper replied, plied, plied,
And thus the grasshopper replied.

The grasshopper turned out to be a gay adventurer, without two pennies to rub together, and this last verse tells the sad end of the feckless pair:

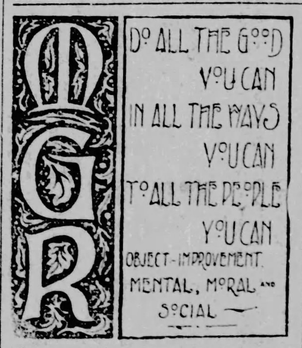
Through the sunshine and rain went this happy young twain,
And the beetles and rumble-bugs said:
"This was always the way, when a grasshopper gay
And a katydid ever were wed."
Till a fisher elate caught them both for his bait,
And they died upon separate hooks.
So young maidens beware of a dandified air,
And a chap who has nothing but looks, looks, looks,
And a chap who has nothing but looks.

It is a jolly sort of book, with comical illustrations that fit the amusing text, and is attractively bound and printed by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

RUNAWAY ROBINSON.

Copyright, Drexel Biddle

AUNTIE WAS FLYING DOWN THE TWO STEPS.



Here we have a very satisfactory explanation of the long silence of "Elouise," of Kansas.

It has been a long time since I visited you, but my excuse is that a new member of the M. G. R. infantry, now four months old, has taken all of my time.

I will invite you to a picnic September 11th. We will visit the Agricultural College of Kansas, Eureka Lake and Fort Riley, the largest military post in the United States. I hope you will all be able to come.

My best wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Zack Stubbs.

"Meadow Lily," W. Va.—You seem to be having such a good time with your picnics and weddings that I think I should like to become a member of the M. G. R. I enjoy its letters, admire and endeavor to follow the teachings of its motto, and promise to obey all rules and regulations to the best of my ability.

Like others of our band, my life is a busy one, but that should not prevent us from always being ready to lend a helping hand whenever and wherever we have opportunity. No matter if it is but a kindly word or smile that we are able to give, we cannot tell the good even such a help may do.

I am not prepared to give you a picnic, but I will invite you most cordially, to visit our blackberry patch and spend the day. Bring your cups, or pails, and you may have all you can pick, to eat and to carry home with you.

Another new comer this week is "Uniceti," who comes from Missouri.

May I join the happy M. G. R.s? I will live up to the motto to the best of my ability, and write whenever I have anything of interest to tell you.

Like "Missie," I think it a shame and a sorrow, that the boys are all marrying the "dearest and best" girls, and leaving us homely ones to "wear the willow." Some folks might think we are not "dear" and "best" if this thing goes on much longer. Our only hope lies in the fact that all men do not accept the same standard of beauty or goodness.

I would like to know where "John, jr.," is? I miss his letters very much. "John," can't you leave the office in charge of a substitute long enough to write to the M. G. R. occasionally?

I enjoyed "Easy Bee's" description of a clam-bake. It really made me hungry.

I would be glad to hear once again from "Pater's Housekeeper" and "Susie."

By this time you may wish to know who I am, that I am so well acquainted with you all. Well, I am "Lena Rivers'" sister. I have gray eyes, brown hair, am five feet two inches tall and weigh one hundred and a half pounds.

"Lena Rivers" is going away for a visit in a few days, and I shall take her place as Postmistress, then "John, jr." and I will (maybe) be the only ones thus employed of the Merry-Go-Round Company. I will remain just long enough to-day to explain that my name is "Unkeeceti," an Indian name, meaning "Lost Deer" (not "dear").

"A Girl From Tennessee" asks to be admitted to membership, promising to write "something" next time. This is right; Miss Prudence hopes you will, and as we already have one girl from Tennessee, she suggests that this new comer choose another name to avoid mistakes.

"Make Haste" has changed his address from Texas to Missouri:

I have but little time now-a-days for writing. I thought when a boy that I had to work all of the time, and had none left for play—I needed none for rest then—I find now that I have only minutes where I then had hours to while away. Why am I in Missouri? I felt the need of a stronger, deeper and broader education, so came to this place to obtain it.

This is a small village, beautifully situated on the north bank of the majestic river that bears the name of the state. The college and its interests are the dominant factors of the town, and the college capital controls the financial interests of the place.

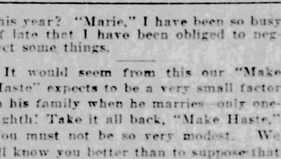
I expect to remain here until I win my "sheepskin" and then ——? Then I shall go in search of my "better seven-eighths" I presume.

I like Missouri very well, and think I should like to locate here, but at present it is uncertain whether I shall or not. I hope no one will expect much of me this year, but I shall be so glad to read your letters and if I find anything of general interest, I will try to write it for you.

May I have your best wishes in my work this year? "Marie," I have been so busy of late that I have been obliged to neglect some things.

It would seem from this our "Make Haste" expects to be a very small factor in his family when he marries—only one-eighth! Take it all back, "Make Haste," You must not be so very modest. We all know you better than to suppose that such an "umble" place would suit you, and when the time comes for your "wedding bells" to ring, we shall hope to hear from you that you have a better appreciation of your worth.

The Wonder Column.



1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was an American naval officer, born in New York, 1801, died in 1877. He discovered the Antarctic Continent and circumnavigated the globe in an exploring expedition in 1838-1842. In 1861 he nearly involved his country in a war with Great Britain by boarding an English mail steamer and seizing Mason and Slidell, two confederate envoys. He was made rear-admiral in 1866.

METTA.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If in a parallelogrammatical field whose sides are equal to each other, and each equal to the diagonal joining its two obtuse angles, perpendiculars be drawn from the centers of each part lying on opposite sides of said diagonal, how many acres does the field contain, allowing the sum of the perpendiculars to be 12.5 rods?

MARLEY CRANFORD.

3.—DIAMOND.

```
      X
    O X O
  O O X O O
X X X X X X X
  O O X O O
    O X O
      X
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1—A consonant.
2—Possessed.
3—An Oriental beauty.
4—A girl's name
5—To swallow liquids.
6—Writing fluid.
7—A vowel.

Centrals down and across give the name of one of the Academy's brightest pupils.

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

4—ENIGMA.

My first is in Acts; my second is in

Numbers; my third is in Hebrews; my fourth is in Mark; my fifth is in Kings; my sixth is in Matthew; my seventh is in Romans; my whole is a "past-graduate" of this Academy.

CLEO DAVIS.

5—QUERY.

What is the legend cast on the Liberty Bell, and who was the author of that legend?

W. P. E.

6—QUOTATION.

Who wrote

"Be a lamp in the chamber, if you cannot be a star in the sky."

ILLI NOIS.

Answers to Puzzles of August 29.

1—Tannhauser.
2—Words forming square: Bench, Edile, niter, clean, heros.
3—1 hour and 12 minutes. (See Chat.)
4—Much Ado About Nothing.
5—The oldest continuous dynasty in the world is the Japanese. The authentic and unquestionable genealogical table carries the family of the reigning Mikado back no less than 2,500 years. There has been no interruption in the succession, as there has been in China. The dynasty began almost as early as the first settlement of Rome.
6—Tennyson wrote:

"Great deeds cannot die;
They, with the sun and moon, renew their light
Forever, blessing those who look on them"

Chat.

Pauline, Marley, Cranford, Ill Nois, Metta and A. Faul reported for duty this morning.

Pauline says: "When it comes to such a pass that you have only one pupil in attendance, I think it high time we all make an effort to fill up the ranks."

That is

MURDEROUS ATTEMPT ON PRESIDENT'S LIFE

Shot Down by an Anarchist While Receiving the Crowd at Buffalo Exposition.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6.—President McKinley was shot twice and badly wounded by Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist, at the Pan-American exposition, shortly after 4 o'clock this afternoon. The first bullet struck the President's right breast, the second lodged in his abdomen. President McKnley was holding a reception in the Temple of Music building when he was shot.

The bullet which struck the President's breast was extracted, but the second had not been located. It entered the abdominal walls.

The would-be assassin is under detention at the police station.

It was shortly after 4 o'clock that the first chapter of the gruesome drama was enacted.

President McKinley was the center of a great throng in the Temple of Music building on the Pan-American exposition grounds. He was standing upon the very edge of the dais which surrounds the great pipe organ in the east end of the building. By his right stood President Milburn of the exposition, and on his left was Secretary Cortelyou.

About the chief executive surged a mass of people. Apparently every man and every woman in the multitude was trying to get near enough to the President to grasp his hand and bask for one moment in that benign smile.

Secret service detectives guarded the President on every side. He was in a happy mood and seemed doing his best to greet every one in the stream of people winding past him in a jostling, pushing, fighting current of humanity. From all came expressions of good will, patriotic love and unswerving loyalty.

The last grand chord ending the close of the daily organ recital wafted above the heads of the applauding people. It sounded like the immortal symphonies of another world.

From the passing throng a man stepped out and approached apparently to greet the President. He was of ordinary appearance and was dressed in black. It was

THE ASSASSIN—(From a Photograph).

observed that he carried one hand in a handkerchief. He worked slowly forward until within a very short distance of the President.

Bowing, and with a smile on his face, President McKinley extended his hand to the man.

Above the humming roar of countless voices and the deafening shuffle of thousands of feet was heard two sharp reports of a pistol.

For an instant there was silence.

The President stood like a statue, fixed and motionless, with his hand half extended. Then a look of halting bewilderment flashed across his face, and before the eyes of thousands he faltered in a backward step and a pallor crept over his face.

It was but an instant before everyone had comprehended the situation. Then came tumult.

With one leap three men sprang upon the strange man with the smoking revolver in his hand. Two were secret service men. The third was a negro. Like a flash the would-be assassin was crushed to the ground and the murderous weapon torn from his grasp. He was held down as though in pinions of steel.

Then the awfulness of the tragedy dawned upon the people.

There was a pandemonium of yells and screams from a great gathering which a moment before had applauded the President. Men surged to and fro trying to reach the spot where the act had been done. Hoarse cries went up in demands for vengeance upon the man who lay in front of the dais under strong arms.

The confusion increased to a terrible stage. Women fainted, while strong men raved in anger. Hundreds from the outside tried to force their way into the building, while those near the exits ran out, fearing an impending stampede.

About the President was a group of men with blanched faces and trembling limbs. The intensity of the moment pitched their emotions to the highest key. It was a period of dramatic awfulness.

Before them was the chief man of the nation, the target of a murderous bullet.

President McKinley had stood still for a moment after the bullets tore their way into him. Then he turned and, with great steadiness, walked to a chair and sat down, resting his head upon his hands.

President Malburn and Secretary Cortelyou sprang to his side. Calmly the wounded man told those about him not to be alarmed.

"You are wounded," exclaimed the secretary in a voice trembling with emotion; "let me examine."

"No, I think not," was the reply. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

The President's waistcoat was hurriedly torn open, and the blood flowed down his breast, dyeing his linen crimson. The hush of fear fell upon those about him for an instant.

The stranger who had fired the shots was taken to the rear of the building by the exposition guards and turned over to Supt. Bull, of the police department. He took the prisoner to police headquarters.

The immense crowd in the Temple of Music commenced to slowly disperse. President McKinley was conveyed to an automobile ambulance and removed to the exposition hospital, where his wounds were examined. A number of physicians were by his side when he reached the hospital.

The President was in complete possession of his senses when placed upon an operating table. Anasthetics were applied. It was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast just below the nipple—a comparatively harmless wound.

The other bullet had entered the abdomen, four inches below the left nipple, left of and on a line with the navel. The second bullet wound was probed and the wall of the abdomen were opened, but the bullet was not located. The incision was closed, and, after consultation, the physicians decided to remove the patient to the Milburn home.

The automobile ambulance was again brought into use and the President was soon in the Milburn residence. Here physicians, medical students, nurses and relatives gathered in the patient's room, and the task of probing for the bullet was begun by Dr. Roswell Parker.

About this time a telegraph office was established in the house, and bulletins were issued for the information of the public.

While the President was being attended to at the exposition grounds, Director-General Buchanan started post haste for the Milburn home to head off the report of the shooting. He was successful in his mission. Mrs. McKinley had returned from the trip to Niagara Falls thoroughly tired out and had gone to her room to rest.

Director Buchanan broke the news to the Misses Barber, Mrs. McKinley's nieces, and to the President's niece, Miss Duncan, and to Mrs. Buchanan. After consultation it was decided that Director Buchanan should break the news of the tragedy to Mrs. McKinley after she awoke. Her physician, Dr. Rixey, had not yet arrived at the house.

About half-past 5 o'clock Mrs. McKinley awoke, feeling considerably refreshed, and she at once took up her crochet work. The telephone bell was ringing incessantly in the house until the director ordered communication to be cut off.

When darkness came and the President did not arrive, Mrs. McKinley became anxious about him. There was no clock in the room and Mrs. McKinley did not know the time, although it was about 7 o'clock. The President had intended to return to the house at 6 o'clock.

A few moments after 7 o'clock Dr. Rixey drove up in front of the house, and Director Buchanan went out to the lawn and held a conversation with him.

"I had a sort of premonition of this," said Director Buchanan. "Since early morning I have been extremely nervous and feared something might happen. Our trip to the Falls was uneventful, but what a sad ending this is to our day."

Dr. Rixey and Col. Webb Hayes came out of the house. They entered a carriage and returned to the exposition hospital. After they had gone, Director Buchanan stated that Dr. Rixey had broken the news to Mrs. McKinley gently, and that she had stood it with great fortitude, although she was greatly affected. The physician assured Mrs. McKinley that the President could be brought from the exposition to the Milburn home.

THE TWO WOUNDS.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—Dr. Harrington, police surgeon, at 6:45 announced that Drs. Parke, Parmenter and Mynter, who performed the operation, stated that the bullet struck the sternum and glanced off, causing a slight flesh wound. The second bullet perforated both walls of the stomach, and has not yet been found. The bullet is probably in the stomach. The wounds are not necessarily fatal.

The Weapon.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The revolver with which President McKinley was shot was turned over to Superintendent of Police Bull to-day by Captain Wisser, to whom it had been handed by the soldier who recovered it.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Wholesome Advice

For People Whose Stomachs Are Weak and Digestion Poor.

Dr. Harlandson, whose opinion in diseases is worthy of attention, says when a man or woman comes to me complaining of indigestion, loss of appetite, sour stomach, belching, sour watery rising, headaches, sleeplessness, lack of ambition and a general run down nervous condition, I advise them to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, allowing the tablet to dissolve in the mouth, and thus mingle with the food eaten. The result is that the food is speedily digested before it has time to sour and ferment. These tablets will digest the food anyway whether the stomach wants to or not, because they contain harmless digestive principles, vegetable essences, pepsin and Golden Seal which supply just what the weak stomach lacks.

I have advised the tablets with great success, both in curing indigestion and to build up the tissues, increasing flesh in thin, nervous patients, whose real trouble was dyspepsia and as soon as the stomach was put to rights they did not know what sickness was.

A fifty-cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be bought at any drug store, and as they are not a secret patent medicine, they can be used as often as desired with full assurance that they contain nothing harmful in the slightest degree; on the contrary, anyone whose stomach is at all deranged will find great benefit from the use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. They will cure any form of stomach weakness or disease except cancer of the stomach.

CZOLGOSZ.

His Father and Other Relatives Live in Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 7.—Late information concerning the identity of Czolgosz, the would-be assassin, develops that he is the son of Paul Czolgosz, who, it is said, now lives at 306 Fleet street, this city. Other members of the family are John, who lives at home with his father, and stepmother; Mike, a soldier now serving in the Philippines; Vladiolan, who is on his father's farm, located on the Chagrin Falls suburban line, and Jacob, of Marcelline avenue.

The family is Polish and are evidently very poor, the father having left home Saturday morning looking for employment. The step-mother cannot speak English, but gave out the following interview through the medium of an interpreter. She said:

"Leon left home about sixty days ago. We heard from him a few weeks ago. He was then in Indiana and wrote to us that he was going away, sating that in all probability we would not see him again."

The step-mother failed to recollect the name of the city from which the letter was received, but states that it was from some place in Indiana. The family had not heard from him since.

The step-mother denies that Leon was a disciple of Emma Goldman or in any way interested in her doctrines.

She said he was not interested in such matters and scarcely intelligent enough to understand them. They had always considered the boy partially demented. Up to three years ago he had worked at the Cleveland Rolling mill, but had to quit on account of his poor health. Since that time he has been idle. While living on the farm, at Warrensville, his father did not ask Leon to work, having always considered him too weak for manual labor. Regarding the shooting of the President, Mrs. Czolgosz said:

"I can't believe that Leon is the one. He was such a timid boy, so afraid of everything. Why he was the biggest coward you ever saw in your life."

She also emphatically disclaims that the boy ever displayed any anarchistic tendencies whatever. He was an admirer of his brother, the Philippine soldier, and liked his country, never showing the least sign of discontent.

Mrs. Czolgosz is an intelligent looking woman but failed to show any decided emotion when confronted with the account of Leon's horrible crime. The home is neat and cleanly but plain.

Born in Alpena, Mich.

Detroit, Sept. 7.—A special to the News from Alpena, Mich., says: Leon Czolgosz was born in Alpena about 1881. The family left here nine years ago, and it is supposed they went to Cleveland. His brother Frank now lives at Metz, Presque Isle county, 25 miles from here, and his uncle and brother John are located at Posenm, Mich. There were eight sons and one daughter in the family. The elder Czolgosz was born in Providence, Posen county, Brimburg, and came to Alpena from there about 30 years ago. The father and elder sons were quiet, peaceable citizens, with no known anarchistic tendencies, and were well thought of by the Polish people here. Leon was a small boy when he left here, and at that time was apparently no different from other boys of his age. One of the sons married a woman by the name of Neiman.

CZOLGOSZ'S CONFESSION.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—Although Czolgosz refused to incriminate any one else in the attempt to kill President McKinley, the police are of the opinion that at least one other man was a party to it. That other man is the one who walked directly in front of Czolgosz and shielded him from sight of the secret service men. The police have a good description of him, and his arrest may occur at any time. There is no doubt, according to the police, that this man was an accomplice of Czolgosz.

Two or three suspects were picked up in various parts of the city during the night, but they were released after undergoing an examination, each one proving an alibi.

Czolgosz does not appear to be insane, Detective Sergeant John Geary, who stood a few feet from Czolgosz when he fired the shots, and who caught President McKinley when he fell, was asked whether in his opinion Czolgosz was insane.

"He may be," said the detective, "but from all I saw of him, he is just an anarchist."

Czolgosz is not above the average height. His face is that of a typical German. He arose at an early hour this morning and ate a hearty breakfast.

He appears to be very nervous and starts suddenly when any one speaks to him. He proves to be very elusive in answering questions, however. The police worked over him until a late hour, last night, and they admitted that very little progress had been made in bringing out facts from him regarding his past history. District Attorney Penny gave the substance of Czolgosz's confession as follows:

"This man has admitted shooting the President. He says he intended to kill; that he had been planning to do it for the last three days, since he came here. He went into the Temple of Music with murder in his heart, intending to shoot to kill. He fixed up his hand by tying a handkerchief around it and waited his turn to get near the President. When he got directly in front of the President he fired. He says he had no confederate, that he was entirely alone in the planning and execution of this diabolical act.

"He says he is a believer in the theories propounded by Emma Goldman, whom he heard lecture several times. He also intimates that he does not believe in our form of government, and therefore that he deems it his duty to get rid of the President."

This, in substance, is the confession of Leon Czolgosz, who is a German-Pole, and says his home is in the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio. He is 28 years old, unmarried, and has seven brothers and two sisters living there. He worked for a time in the wire works at Newark, Ohio. He exhibits no signs of remorse, and aside from his nervousness, acts as if he had done what he considered a praiseworthy instead of a dastardly act. In an interview, Secret Service Detective Ireland, who, with Officers Foster and Gallagher, were near the President when the shorts were fired, said:

"It is incorrect, as has been stated, that the least fear of an assassination was entertained by the Presidential party. Since the Spanish war the President has traveled all over the country, and has met people everywhere. In Canton he walks to church and down town without the sign of secret service men of any kind as an escort. In Washington he walks about the White House grounds, drives out freely and has enjoyed much freedom from the presence of detectives.

"It has been my custom to stand back of the President and just to his left, so that I could see the right hand of every person approaching, but yesterday I was requested to stand opposite the President, so that Mr. Milburn could stand to the left and introduce people who approached. In that way I was unable to get a good look at every one's right hand.

"A few moments before Czolgosz approached, a man came along with three fingers of his right hand tied up in a bandage, and he had shaken hands with his left. When Czolgosz came up I noticed he was a boyish-looking fellow with an innocent face, perfectly calm, and I also noticed that his right hand was wrapped in what appeared to be a bandage. I watched him closely, but was interrupted by the man in front of him, who held on to the President's hand an unusually long time. This man appeared to be an Italian, and wore a short, heavy black mustache. He was persistent, and it was necessary for me to push him along so that the others could reach the President. Just as he released the President's hand and as the President was reaching for the hand of the assassin, there were two quick shots. Startled for a moment, I looked and saw the President draw his right hand up under his coat, straighten up, and, pressing his lips together, give Czolgosz the most scornful and contemptuous look possible to imagine.

"At the same time I reached for the young man and caught his left arm. The big negro standing just back of him and who would have been next to take the President's hand, struck the young man in the neck with one hand and with the other reached for the revolver, which had been discharged through the handkerchief, and the shots from which had set fire to the linen.

"Immediately a dozen men fell upon the assassin, and bore him to the floor. While on the floor Czolgosz again tried to discharge his revolver, but before he could point it at the President, it was knocked from his hand by the negro. It flew across the floor, and one of the artillerymen picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"On the way down to the station Czolgosz would not say a word, but seemed greatly agitated."

SYMPATHETIC CABLES FROM EUROPE'S RULERS

Washington, Sept. 7.—When Mr. Adee, the acting secretary of state, reached his office he found a considerable accumulation of cablegrams and telegrams expressing sympathy.

By noon the department was prepared to make public some of the messages that had been received, abandoning the idea of holding them in hand until the list was complete. These messages came from crowned heads, from foreign ministers, from resident ministers of foreign countries in the United States, and from individuals of distinction. Some of them follow:

From the President of Guatemala to Mrs. McKinley:

"Guatemala, Sept. 6, 1901.—My government and I, most heartfully lament the unhappy event. Be pleased to receive our profound sorrow.

(Signed) "M. ESTADA C."

"Rambouillett, Sept. 7.—With keen affliction I learn the news of the heinous attempt of which your excellency has just been a victim. I take it to heart to join with the people of the United States in wishing the early recovery of your excellency, and I earnestly desire in this sorrowful juncture to renew to you the assurance of my sentiments of constant and cordial friendship.

(Signed) "EMILE LOUBET."

From the German emperor and empress to Mrs. McKinley:

"Emigsberg, Sept. 7, 1901:—The emperor and I, horrified at the attempt planned against your husband, express our deep sympathy, hoping that God may restore to health Mr. McKinley.

(Signed) WILLIAM I. R.
"VICTORIA I. R."

The President of France to President McKinley:

Rome, Sept. 7.—Deeply grieved terrible crime. Trust President will be spared to his country and friends.

(Signed.) BARON FAVA.

From the German ambassador to the United States to the Secretary of State:

Bremen, Sept. 7.—Please accept the expression of my most sincere and hearty regret on account of the dreadful accident the President met with. Please convey this message, if possible, to the President and Mrs. McKinley.

(Signed.) HOLLEBEN.

From the lieutenant governor of New South Wales:

"Sydney, Sept. 7, 1901.—The government and people of New South Wales join with me in expressing our deep sympathy with you in your sufferings, and our sorrow at the crime which has been committed. We pray that the Almighty in His infinite goodness, may spare you to your people.

(Signed) "FREDK. M. DARLEY."

From the Italian ambassador to the secretary of state:

THE OPERATION.

Dr. Mann Turned Up the President's Stomach.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—The Express says today regarding the first operation performed on the President:

"The operation performed at the Emergency hospital left no need for a second operation to follow it almost immediately. The full details of the operation heretofore have not been known. It was performed by Dr. Matthew D. Mann. His first assistant was Dr. Herman Mynter. His second assistant was Dr. John Parmenter. His third assistant was Dr. Lee, of St. Louis, who happened to be on the exposition grounds at the time of the tragedy, and placed his services at the disposal of the President. Dr. Nelson W. Wilson noted the time of the operation and took the notes. Dr. Eugene Wasdin, of the Marine hospital, gave the anaesthetic. Dr. Rixey arrived at the latter part of the operation and held the light. Dr. Park arrived at the close of the operation. It was Dr. Mann who wielded the knife.

Lasted an Hour.

The operation lasted almost an hour. A cut about five inches long was made. It was found necessary to turn up the

DR. RIXEY.

stomach of the President in order to trace the course of the bullet. The bullet's opening in the front wall of the stomach was small, and it was carefully closed with sutures, after which a search was made for the hole in the back wall of the stomach. This hole where the bullet went out of the stomach was larger than the hole in the front wall of the stomach, in fact it was a wound over an inch in diameter, jagged and ragged. It was sewed up in three layers. This wound was larger than the wound where the bullet entered the stomach, because the bullet, in its course, forced tissues through ahead of it.

In turning up the stomach, an act that was absolutely necessary, and was performed by Dr. Mann with rare skill, the danger was that some of the contents of the stomach might go into the abdominal cavity and as a result cause peritonitis. It so happened that there was very little in the President's stomach at the time of the operation. Moreover subsequent developments tend to show that this feature of the operation was grandly successful, and none of the contents of the stomach entered the abdominal cavity. If any of the contents had entered the cavity, the probability is that before now peritonitis would have set in.

In this connection, it is of interest that some experienced surgeons do not mind the temperature at all in noting the bulletins of the President's condition, but so long as the pulse is the proper relation to the temperature in a big operation like this, it is very common for the temperature to remain around 102 or even 103. But if the temperature had dropped and the pulse had accelerated, it would have been a danger signal of peritonitis setting in. It is of interest also to know that after an operation of this kind, the peristatic or compressive action in the abdominal cavity ceases or become retrograde. After the operation, as soon as the patient passed anything, even gas, through the rectum, it is a sign that peristaltic action has recommenced normally and that the danger of peritonitis was practically over. After an operation such as was performed on the President the surgeons wish to know at once, even when gas is passed, for they take it then that the patient is comparatively safe from peritonitis. The point of tremendous importance in connection with these facts is that the President yesterday passed gas and later there was a further movement. Coupling this fact with the bulletins issued by the surgeons, the basis for hope seems strong.

CZOLGOSZ TALKS.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Czolgosz has made no additional admissions to the police officials and nothing that they have learned from him has aided toward a solution of the criminal side of the subject. He still insists that he alone conceived, planned and carried out the crime and he alone must answer for it. He admits that he attended meetings at which Emma Goldman spoke and where he and his fellow anarchists discussed their propaganda of murder, but steadfastly denies that any of them had a part in his plan. His talks with them were fairly general, he says, and he did not divulge to them any features of his scheme to kill the President. His statement, made on Saturday, created the impression that he acknowledged a general talk with his assistants on this particular crime, but he now says there was no justification for that impression. He is to be subjected to another examination to-day by Superintendent of Police Bull and District Attorney Penney, but the results are problematical. The stories that the prisoner is wearing out physically and mentally under the strain of his crime and imprisonment and the ordeal of the examination, the police say are unfounded.

CZOLGOSZ'S FATHER

An Employe of the City of Cleveland Under Mayor Johnson.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 10.—Paul Czolgosz, father of the man who attempted the assassination of the President of the United States, is now in the employ of the city of Cleveland. He was placed on the pay roll of the street department yesterday.

Harry Kline, spoken of as one of the anarchist leaders of the city, and a self-avowed anarchist of the Tolstoi school, and the man at whose home Emma Goldman stopped when in Cleveland last spring, was appointed to a position in the engineer's department of the city government by Mayor Johnson.

While the Cleveland police on Sunday announced the belief that there were no others involved in the crime to kill the President aside from the man who made the attempt on his life, the Buffalo police and the secret service officials of the national government believe that Czolgosz had accomplices, and are searching for them.

Captain Abbott, former director of police of the city of Cleveland, and now the United States secret service officer in charge at Cleveland, has been recalled from Michigan, where he went for a vacation, to meet and confer with Chief Ireland, the head of the national detective force.

Chief Ireland was expected to reach Cleveland yesterday and telegrams from Buffalo announced his departure for this city. United States District Attorney J. H. Sullivan admitted that Chief Ireland was in Cleveland, or would come here, but insisted that he was not at liberty to say anything more about what was being done or undertaken.

Two strange detectives who may have been officers of the secret service, made a careful examination of the home of the Czolgosz family at No. 305 Fleet street, telling no one who they were, of course.

The city police are at work on the case, running down rumors and endeavoring to locate some one who might furnish a clew to fellow conspirators of the would-be assassin, but they met with no success.

According to dispatches from Buffalo, Czolgosz has passed himself off as being of Polish nationality. This the Polish people of the South End denounce in the strongest terms. They have already called an indignation meeting to be held next Saturday evening, for the purpose of denouncing Czolgosz's crime and taking some action to show that he is not of Polish blood or Polish nativity. They say that Czolgosz is a Russian, and that he brought his anarchistic tendencies from that country. This, they say, is altogether probable, for the reason that Czolgosz had himself said that he first considered the idea of shooting the President after listening to Emma Goldman, the Russian anarchist, who on numerous occasions lectured in Cleveland.

THE CRIMINAL.

What Has Been Done by the District Attorney in His Case.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 7.—Under the code of criminal procedure a prisoner has the right to a speedy hearing before a magistrate. Whether this right will be given to Czolgosz is a matter of speculation. A News reporter asked Chief of Detectives Cusack to-day when Czolgosz would be brought into the police court.

"I don't know," said Mr. Cusack. "The matter rests with District Attorney Penney. His wishes will be obeyed by us. I don't know when he will be taken into court. It may be that we shall wait to see how the President's injuries result."

It has not been determined whether Czolgosz would be kept at police headquarters or taken to jail, but in all probability he will be kept at police headquarters and closely guarded until he has a preliminary hearing in the police court.

District Attorney Penney and Superintendent of Police Bull began a conference at 11 o'clock. They will be joined later by Sheriff Grell, of New York. The meeting is being held behind closed doors guarded inside and out by bluecoats.

The prisoner Czolgosz has been taken down to the office of Superintendent of Police Bull for examination in private.

Czolgosz was photographed and copies of the pictures are being made as rapidly as possible and distributed broadcast.

"As far as is known at present the assassin of the President will have to be tried under the same conditions as though he shot an ordinary citizen," said District Attorney Penney to-day. "I do not see how the case can be made a United States offense. I think that it comes under the jurisdiction of Erie county courts. The charge will be determined when the result of the President's wounds are beyond a doubt. It will be something from murder to assault with intent to kill."

The district attorney held a conference with Assistant District Attorney Tucker to-day to ascertain whether or not there is any chance of the offender being tried by the United States courts. The assassins of Lincoln and Garfield were both tried by the United States court, but both of these murders occurred in the District of Columbia and could be tried by no other court than the federal. Mr. Tucker is investigating to see under what jurisdiction the case should come. Mr. Penney said he would interview Czolgosz again to-day.

Detective Frank Koehler escorted to police headquarters to-day a man named Walter Nowak, who says he knows the would-be assassin. Nowak will have a talk with Superintendent Bull. He is a cigar dealer and also a Polish newspaper man of Chicago. He says he knows Czolgosz well, and corroborates the statement that Colgosz was inspired to his cowardly act by Emma Goldman.

"I knew Czolgosz in Cleveland," said Nowak. "He belonged to several socialist circles and one of them was anarchistic. I think the idea of assassination has been turning in Czolgosz's mind for some time, as that sort of business is what is taught in the society to which he belonged. He is well known in Cleveland, Chicago and other western cities, where he has talked his doctrine."

Mr. Nowak, who is a short, plump man with an iron gray mustache and a face of intelligence, has been here for some time seeing the exposition. He has been staying on Broadway near Fillmore avenue, which is not far from where Czolgosz was boarding, but declares he has not seen him during his visit here.

Walter Nowak, a New York cigarmaker, formerly of Cleveland, was taken into the room where Czolgosz was being examined. After looking at the prisoner he said he knew him in Cleveland two years ago; at that time Nowak was a reporter on a foreign newspaper and in common with him and a number of his countrymen formed a social organization that later developed into a Socialistic club and he (Nowak) withdrew from it. He states that he remembers some of the radical resolutions adopted by the club and brought to him for use in his paper. He had always found it necessary to alter them materially to make them proper material for publication. He said that Czolgosz was without sufficient intelligence to organize such a crime as the prisoner had been guilty of.

Nowak said after coming from the room where the conference was held that Czolgosz advanced toward him with extended hand. Nowak looked at the prisoner disdainfully and refused to accept the proffered hand, saying: "Scoundrel, why did you commit this terrible crime? Who originated this devilish plot? It was not you?"

"I did," replied Czolgosz. "I did. I originated the plan. It was my plan. It was my crime."

MRS. M'KINLEY.

Buffalo, Sept. 9.—Mrs. McKinley's condition continues to be the marvel of those who have known her longest and best. Much unfavorable comment was passed upon the sensational story published in New York yesterday morning to the effect that her condition is critical and that she is being sustained by the use of drugs. Mrs. McKinley is stronger to-day than she has been before in years. Dr. Rixey, in speaking of this fact, said that he was not surprised, but only for the reason that he had ceased to be surprised by Mrs. McKinley. Three times within a year, he said, she has returned from the very portals of death; and now, at a moment when she might be expected to collapse, she displays the true qualities which she possesses.

OHIO'S TRIBUTE.

Columbus, O., Sept. 7.—In no city in the country was the grief over the attempted assassination of the President more overwhelming than here in Columbus, where he lived during the four years he was governor of the state.

All the evening and late into the night the streets were thronged with an awe-stricken crowd, which surged about the bulletin boards and eagerly scanned every item of news which came from the bedside of the stricken man.

Governor Nash was almost overcome when he heard the news, and for some minutes paced the floor scarcely uttering a word. "I cannot realize such a blow has fallen," said he. "What justification can there be for such an awful crime against so lovable a man?"

Congressman Dick was more optimistic, and was emphatic in the belief that the President would recover. He remarked on Mr. McKinley's great powers of endurance, and did not believe the wound would prove fatal.

Late in the evening Governor Nash sent the following message to the President in care of John N. Milburn:

"My office is filled with anxious, loving inquirers after your condition. All Ohio is turned towards Buffalo, eager to catch the first word of hope. Every heart beats with the inspiration that you will speedily recover. Every fervent prayer which goes up to heaven to-night will be in your behalf. Make a good fight, for all the people are with you and love you.

"GEORGE K. NASH."

CABLE FROM GOVERNOR TAFT AND GEN. CHAFFEE

Washington, Sept. 7.—The following cablegrams were received at the war department to-day from Governor Taft and Gen. Chaffee:

"Manila, Sept. 7.—Secretary of War, Washington:

"Greatly shocked by report that President has been shot. Anxiously await exact information.

(Signed.) "TAFT."

"Manila, Sept. 7.—Adjutant General, War Department, Washington:

"Sympathy and solicitude for President from army of the Philippines.

(Signed.) "CHAFFEE."

WE ARE FIGHTING THE WHISKEY TRUST!

WILL YOU SUPPORT US, OR WILL YOU SUPPORT THE TRUST?

THIS IS OUR OFFER

We will deliver to your nearest express office, charges prepaid by us, four full quarts of the celebrated "Green Mountain" double copper distilled, 10 year old Rye or Bourbon Whiskey for the Anti-Trust Cut Price of $2.85. If not entirely satisfactory, fully up to your expectation, and as good as any $4.00 Trust Whiskey on the market, return at our expense and your money will be refunded by first mail.

FOUR FULL QUARTS EXPRESS PREPAID $2.85

A Startling Comparison

BETWEEN TRUST AND ANTI-TRUST PRICES.

	Trust and Mail Order Combine Prices	Our Anti-Trust Prices.
8—Year Old Green Mountain Rye or Bourbon, Double Copper Distilled.	3.00	2.49
Owing to the low price we name on our 8-year old goods we can not prepay shipments amounting to less than 12 quart cases.	3.15 / 3.20 / 3.50	
10—Year Old Green Mountain Rye or Bourbon, Double Copper Distilled.	4.20	2.85
1889 Distillation Green Mountain Rye or Bourbon, Double Copper Distilled.	4.25 / 5.20	3.45
14—Year Old Green Mountain Hand Made Sour Mash, Double Copper Distilled.	4.50 / 5.20	4.00
17—Year Old Green Mountain Smoky Hollow Rye, Double Copper Distilled, We stake our reputation on this distillation. Over the Waldorf bar they charge 50c a drink for the same goods.	7.60 / 8.75	5.00
14—Year Old Green Mountain Rye Malt Whiskey, Double Copper Distilled.	5.35 / 6.50	4.25

OUR GUARANTEE! Our goods are all guaranteed double copper distilled—the Rye from the choicest, selected small Pennsylvania or Maryland grain; and the Bourbon is guaranteed Kentucky inspection. Money back if not as represented.

FREE! With each order one handsomely etched Whiskey Glass and an adjustable pocket Corkscrew absolutely free of charge.

WE REFER To the National Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo., Dun or Bradstreet's Agencies, or any Express Company.

WE SHIP In plain packages with no marks to indicate contents, and prepay charges to nearest express office.

IT REACHES THE SPOT!

Green Mountain Whiskey is recommended for its purity by physicians in their private practice, and taken by doctors themselves.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC!

TO OUR FRIENDS AND WELL-WISHERS:

As you may have already learned, the Green Mountain Distillery has brought down upon its head the everlasting wrath and disapproval of that most grasping of all monopolies in America, known as the great "American Whiskey Trust."

This giant octopus, not content with gobbling up 94 per cent of all the whiskey manufactured in the United States; defying the United States laws; shutting down over 1,000 small distilleries, and throwing out of employment more than 40,000 working men with families depending on them, is now actually seeking to control the output of the Green Mountain Distillery, and to say how we shall sell whiskey and how we shall not; where we shall ship it, and where we shall not; what price we are to advertise it at, and at what price we cannot.

This new departure of the octopus is not only an imposition on the customer and an insult to the individual, but it is an open and high-handed outrage against the principles of liberty and the privileges of freedom, which are the inalienable rights of every United States citizen under the Constitution, and the one priceless privilege guaranteed by the power and dignity of our star-bespangled flag.

For our part, we resent the outrage. We protest with all the vehemence at our command against this high-handed method of dictation, usurpation and greed.

We repudiate now and for all time our connection with the American Whiskey Trust, and henceforward we propose to run our own business in our own way, without the aid or consent of the Whiskey Trust, or any other trust.

We have refused, and we shall continue to refuse to increase our prices at the behest of this all-grasping monopoly, and we absolutely and positively decline to levy on our customers an extra tax of 85 cents to 100 cents a gallon, or any extra charge whatsoever, at the dictation of the Trust.

We shall continue to ship the product of this distillery wherever we please, and to whom we please, and at what price we please. The magnates of the Whiskey ring cannot for one minute control or curtail either our output, our energy, or our brain.

Our customers need have no fear for the outcome of our fight with the Trust. All we ask is the support of the liberty-loving people of the country. We have friends enough, capital enough, determination enough and brains enough to continue our business, regardless of the Trust or its influence, and, notwithstanding petty tricks and nefarious practices which may be stooped to from time to time to worry and handicap us, we shall still continue our business in a manner as will serve the interest of ourselves and patrons best, and shall positively decline to become a slave to the extortionate demands of the Whiskey Trust, or any Mail Order Combination.

GREEN MOUNTAIN DISTILLERY.

Orders May be Directed to any of our Warehouses, but for convenience sake address Warehouse nearest your Post Office.

M. C. REEFER, President.

Warehouse E. . St. Louis, Mo. Warehouse 074. Louisville, Ky.
Warehouse 49. Kansas City, Mo. Warehouse C24. . Chicago, Ill.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Fla., Mont., N. Dak., N. M., Nev., Utah, Ore., Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts. We prepay freight.

GREEN MOUNTAIN DISTILLERY, Warehouses: Louisville, Ky. St. Louis, Mo. Chicago, Illinois. Kansas City, Mo.

MEDIATION OFFERED

By the United States Between Colombia and Venezuela.

Washington, Sept. 4.—The action of the United States in tendering its good offices to Venezuela and Colombia to avert a war between these countries has not yet advanced to a point where this government has begun the work of mediation. It has signified its willingness to act, but it will remain for the two countries to indicate when the time has arrived for actual mediation. Colombia already has made known that she will welcome the exercise of the pacific offices of the United States. In this acceptance it is understood that Colombia denies that she has invaded Venezuela and also places the burden of the issue on President Castro in person, as against the body of the Venezuelan people. The response of Venezuela is understood to be less definite in accepting the good offices of the United States. For the present, therefore, it is not expected that the United States will take further active steps, although its tender stands as a clear intimation to the contending parties that the United States is likely to take such action as is necessary to avert war. The Colombian minister, Dr. Silva, and the Venezuelan charge d'affaires, Senor Pulido, left for Buffalo in the Pan-American party to-day, which seems to indicate that no immediate crisis is anticipated.

Created Unusual Stir.

The note of the United States offering to mediate has created an unusual stir in South American diplomatic quarters, as it is construed to be a rather marked development of the Monroe doctrine, and one which will be most acceptable to South America.

The Colombian government will make an emphatic rejoinder to the official statement of Venezuela that armed bodies of Colombian troops have been crossing the Venezuelan frontier and have been forcing war upon that country. Although the terms of the reply are not determined upon, it will show, in substance, that the attitude of Colombia, has been one of forbearance, that Colombian troops on the frontier are there for the legitimate purpose of protecting the border and that any crossing of the line has been by detached bands, without the approval of the federal government. As against Venezuela's assertions that Colombia is forcing war, it is likely to be pointed out that Colombia has remained silent, while Venezuela has received the Colombian insurgent leader, General Uribe, at Caracas, and that President Castro and Uribe have held conferences on their mutual plans.

Gen. Uribe's Clever Ruse.

In this connection it has just been disclosed that General Uribe made a statement at the Colombian legation in this city to the effect that the revolutionary movement of which he is the head had the support of Venezuela, Ecuador and Nicaragua. The statement was made during the bending days of negotiations for the surrender of the revolutionists. Negotiations with Uribe closed, it is authoritatively stated, with an agreement of surrender, but Colombian authorities are now satisfied that this was a clever ruse on his part by which his agents secured passports through Colombia and went on an ostensible peace mission, whereas their real purpose was to act as spies and revolutionary propagandists.

Mail advices from Venezuela, which reached the state department to-day, contained a report from Minister Bowen, dated at Caracas, about the middle of August, upon the conditions under which Mr. Russell, the United States charge, undertook the custody of the Colombian legation at Caracas. It appears, from Mr. Bowen's account, that the Colombian minister left Caracas, not because of a breach of relations between Venezuela and Colombia, but to get into closer relations with his own government, he having found it difficult to communicate with that government from Caracas.

Mr. Russell was requested by the withdrawing minister to assume charge of the legation premises—not to undertake to look after the business of the legation. The Venezuelan government was advised of this request and, making no objection, Mr. Russell took the keys of the Colombian legation.

Mr. Bowen inclosed with his report a copy of the long note from the Venezuelan government, addressed to the world at large through the diplomatic representatives at Caracas, the substance of which has been made public in preceding cable dispatches. It is believed here that there is nothing in this note to make war between the two countries unavoidable. Mr. Bowen makes no comment of his own upon the political conditions in Venezuela.

THE PHILIPPINES.

Washington, Sept. 5.—The following provinces in the Philippines have been designated by the Philippine commission as in such a satisfactory state of pacification and sufficiently well advanced in all the details of civil administration as to warrant their passing under the jurisdiction of a civil governor:

Benguet, Pangasinan, Bataan, Tayabas, Romblon, Oriental Negros, Leyte, Antique, Ambos Camarines, Marinduque, Cavite, Surigao, Pampanga, Tarlas, Bulacan Masbate, Occidental Negros, Ilo Ilo, Capiz, Albay, Sorsogon, Rizal, Nueva Ecija and Misamnis.

By the direction of General Chaffee the senior military officers in these provinces are directed to render all needful assistance to the civil authorities when disturbances arise beyond the control of the local municipal police. Wherever the assistance of the military arm is asked for the senior commanding officer is required to make full report of the facts of the attending circumstances, action taken and result thereof.

By an act of the commission, passed July 17, the Provinces of Batangas, Cebu and Bohol are restored to the executive control of the military government, on the ground that armed insurrection continues.

The writ of habeas corpus in these provinces is suspended, so far as it applies to the release of prisoners detained by the order of the military governor, but the courts established by the commission will continue to discharge their ordinary criminal and civil functions.

JUDGE NOYES.

Washington, Sept. 9.—Judge A. H. Noyes, of the Nome judicial district in Alaska, against whom have been preferred charges of corruption and irregularities in connection with mining claims, has arrived here.

A severe attack of asthma compelled him to call in a physician shortly after his arrival, and he was unable to see visitors. He expected to report to the attorney general to confer over the charges filed against him. The latter, however, is in Buffalo, a fact of which Noyes has not yet been apprised.

ALASKA PRODUCTS.

Washington, Sept. 4.—Dr. E. M. Allen, assistant superintendent of experiment stations, conducted by the agricultural department, has just returned, after a ten weeks' tour of inspection of the stations in Alaska. Dr. Allen reports that all the hardy vegetables are being grown there, and he predicts that the time will come when Alaska will grow a sufficient supply of them.

He also says that wheat, oats, barley and rye have been matured at the stations, and he thinks it practicable to raise beef for the home market.

DEALING WITH "REDS."

Effort to Have Uniform Police Action Regarding Them.

Washington, Sept. 9.—Major Richard Sylvester, as president of the National Association of the Chiefs of Police of the United States and Canada, Saturday took a decisive step looking to the adoption of a uniform policy throughout the world in dealing with anarchists, by addressing a letter to the board of directors of the association and requesting their co-operation in bringing the various heads of the police departments of the world together in convention. The communication follows:

"The National Association of Chiefs of Police of the United States and Canada, at the last annual meeting, adopted a resolution inviting the heads of the foreign police departments to participate in our annual discussions, and the distressing calamity, which this country has recently experienced, through the assault, by an unknown assassin, confirms the belief that the import of the resolution should be impressed on foreign officials, with a view of having such of their number present at our next annual meeting as may be able to attend; this, with the hope that a close relationship may be established—officially and personally—and that there may be an interchange of opinion as to the best methods to be pursued to eliminate from society such organizations and persons as may be evily disposed towards institutions of government and those charged with its conduct.

"This is a most vital question and it the laws are inadequate to crush such organizations and punish such characters there should be recommendations, from a police standpoint, which would forever prevent the like in this country and aid the authorities abroad.

"I trust the members will give this matter close and careful consideration and offer such suggestions as may aid in accomplishing the desired end and that the secretary will be authorized to adopt such measures as will bring about a thorough understanding with our foreign friends and to secure their presence and co-operation.

"In the meantime there should be active efforts made looking to the eradication of these evils and information gathered and disseminated through the national bureau of criminal identification with a view of accomplishing such results."

This proposition will be acted upon by the directors individually, by mail. If the board of directors vote to adopt their executive's views the secretary of the association will be authorized to address a letter to the officials having charge of the police affairs of the European nations requesting their attendance at the convention next year, when it is expected some definite steps will be taken to effectually stamp out or destroy the danger arising from anarchistic plots. The letters to the board of directors were mailed yesterday and Major Sylvester expects to receive replies within the next week.

SCHLEY'S WITNESSES.

Washington, Sept. 6.—The navy department received a letter from Admiral Schley to-day containing a list of witnesses he desires to have brought here at once, and adding a request that they be summoned. Acting Secretary Hackett has expressed a willingness to have the witnesses brought here at once. Efforts will be made to arrange technical details so that they may get here promptly.

Rear Admiral Barker, who was a member of the war board during the Spanish-American war, arrived here to-day. He is one of the witnesses on Admiral Schley's list, which leads to the belief that the evidence may go into all of the antecedent circumstances before the war board, when the West Indian campaign was planned.

MISSIONARY CAPTURED.

Washington, Sept. 6.—The state department has received information from the United States legation at Constantinople, confirming the press report of the capture of an American missionary by brigands. The dispatch is from Minister Leishmann, and reports that brigands captured Miss Stone, an American missionary, who was traveling with a lady companion in the Villaye of Salonica. The department adds that the matter has received the immediate and earnest attention of Minister Leishmann.

A CHEAP PURCHASE.

Washington, Sept. 4.—William Jennings Bryan is branching out as an editor, and has placed on file here a bill of sale by which he acquired the ownership of the National Watchman, which first appeared as the Silver Knight Watchman. The consideration named in the bill is $5, and the transfer includes the publishing plant as well as the newspaper.

Coming Home.

Washington, Sept. 4.—The Eighteenth infantry will sail from Manila for home on September 19 on the transport Kilpatrick.

HOW TO SPEAK THE ASSASSIN'S NAME.

It is very difficult to spell phonetically in English the name of Czolgosz, the miscreant who shot President McKinley. The nearest to it is "Schawgosch," but this is not quite correct. There is a suggestion of the letter "T" in the combination "Cz" at the beginning of the name and the letter "L" is slurred over in rapid pronunciation. The name might be spelled phonetically as "Tschawlgosch," but the sound of the "T" is a little too harsh, as the combination "Cz" is more like the German "sch." The sound of the letter "L" fades away also when pronounced by a native of Poland. There is no meaning to the name of Czolgosz.

F. H. WOLOWSKI,
Manager Polish National Publishing Company.

FRANCE AND TURKEY.

Paris, Sept. 6.—The possibility of a conflict at arms between France and Turkey is discussed seriously by men close to the foreign office. It is reported that men-of-war have been ordered to proceed to Turkish waters and unless Abdul Hamid quickly accedes to the French demands troops will be handled an early day on the Sporadis islands in Aegean sea.

President Loubet has lost all patience with the dilatory and provoking tactics of the Turk and the general impression in Paris is that hostilities will not be long delayed.

Paris, Sept. 5.—An evening paper yesterday reported that orders had been sent to Toulon to fit out three vessels to proceed to Turkey and land troops at the Turkish Sporades, (a sub-division of the Grecian Archipelago) until the Sultan has yielded. Inquiry made at Toulon elicited a statement that no such orders had been received there.

The Courier du Soir, often well informed, says the Russian embassy at Constantinople is arranging a settlement of the Franco-Turkish question.

M'KINLEY'S SPEECH

At the Buffalo Exposition. Pleaded for Trade Extension.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 5.—President's Day at the Pan-American exposition dawned bright and clear, with the temperature sufficiently low to make the day all that could be desired.

It was evident from the crowds on the streets early in the morning that the attendance would be large. Business houses and private residences were gaily decorated with flags and bunting and banners were stretched from windows and across streets bearing words of welcome to the President and expressive of the sentiment which the great fair is designed to foster, "Peace to Pan-America."

Promptly at 10 o'clock the President emerged from the home of Mr. Milburn, Mrs. McKinley accompanying him, walking by his side without assistance. A great burst of cheers greeted them which the President acknowledged by bowing and raising his hat. The President and Mrs. McKinley entered the first carriage and Mr. Milburn, president of the exposition, and Mrs. William Hamlin, of the board of women managers the second.

An escort of twenty mounted police and twenty members of the signal corps surrounded the two carriages and the cavalcade set out at a brisk trot for the Lincoln Parkway entrance to the exposition grounds. The two carriages were followed by a number of carriages and tally-hos, their occupants blowing fanfares and adding animation to the scene.

At the entrance to the exposition grounds the President was met by detachments of the United States marines, and the seacoast artillery, and the 65th and 74th N. Y. G., N. Y. regiments under Gen. S. M. Welch. A President's salute of 21 guns was fired.

The President was at once escorted to the stand erected in the Esplanade, where probably the greatest crowd ever assembled there greeted him with ringing cheers. The vast assemblage overflowed to the Court of Fountains. In the stand on each side of the President were seated many distinguished men and women, among them representatives of most of the South American republics.

There was almost absolute quiet when President Milburn arose and introduced the President as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The President."

The great audience then broke out with a mighty cheer which continued as President McKinley arose, and it was some minutes before he was able to proceed. When quiet was restored, the President spoke as follows:

President Milburn, Director General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad to be again in the city of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger and with which I will have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here whose presence and participation in this exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the Republic of Mexico, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate them upon the rich triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Timekeepers of Progress.

Expositions are the time-keepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition has its lesson and each has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such, instructs brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, and inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people and regulates the supply to high quality and new prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether at home or abroad, is with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

Exposition Is Thorough.

The Pan-American exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything, far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

People Closely Related.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time, and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by our fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made only by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genious of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the city of Washington to New Orleans with a message to Gen. Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now.

We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy. So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands, that its temporary interruption even in ordinary times results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Peking, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside the walled city, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the government of the United States brought through our minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

What Invention Has Done.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstandings.

Country Is Prosperous.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

Vast Business Interests.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has a stake, and which will not permit of either neglect, or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sorded policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises which have grown to such great proportions affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus.

Exchange of Commodities.

For our increasing surplus a system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities, a mutual exchange is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not rejoice in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption and use must find markets abroad. This must be relieved through foreign outlet and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed, for revenue or to encourage or protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those of the east coast of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the great needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go. We must build the isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman of whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the new world. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds this practical and substantial expression and which we all hope will be firmly advocated by the Pan-American congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

"Make long hereafter as too short living,
With praises and thanksgiving."

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through the exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but relations more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

BOERS CAPTURED.

Middleburg, Cape Colony, Sept. 6.—Lotter's entire commando has been taken by Maj. Scobell, south of Petersburg. One hundred and three prisoners were captured, twelve Boers were killed and 46 wounded. Two hundred horses also were captured.

London, Sept. 6.—Lord Kitchener's report from Pretoria to the war office covering the capture of Lotter's commando gives the figures as 19 killed, 52 wounded and 62 captured unwounded. The prisoners include Commandants Lotter and Breedt, Field Cornets Kruger and W. Kruger, and Lieut. Shoeman. Among the killed were the two Vasters, notable rebels. The British casualties were ten killed and eight wounded.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Radway's Relief is Absolutely Indispensable to every well-regulated household. It instantly relieves and quickly cures all Colds, Sore Throats, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache and Pains of All Kinds. Internally for Malaria and all Bowel Pains. Sold by all Druggists.

MAROONED.

Outrage on the Thirteen Cigarmakers Spirited Away From Tampa.

New York, Sept. 5.—A special to the Herald from Key West says:

The thirteen abducted leaders of the striking cigarmakers of Tampa, Fla., have returned from exile. The men who composed the central committee of Resistencia union, of Tampa, arrived here on a small fruit schooner, the Gertrude, of this port. Marooned on a barren, uninhabited isle off the coast of Honduras, they had, by an unexpected turn of fortune, escaped death from exposure and starvation and made their way to civilization and safety. They believe it was the intention of their captors that they should never return from exile.

The authorities of Washington have instructed the United States district attorney at Jacksonville, Fla., to make an investigation of the matter. Sworn depositions of the men taken before federal officials have been mailed to Washington.

Terrible Hardships.

The party consisted of six Spaniards, six Cubans and one Englishman. The Cubans and the Englishman, however, are naturalized American citizens. The men all bear evidence of the hardships encountered during their forced exile and present a pitiful appearance. The stories they tell are substantially the same, differing only in minor details as to the vio ence resorted to by their abductors. One of them, Luis Barcia, who was taken at midnight from the bedside of his wife, whose death has since been reported as a result of the shock incident to her husband's disappearance, says he was forced into a closed carriage and taken to the railroad station where he was put into an electric car of which the lights were out, the current having been shut off. Eight of his comrades, who had been similarly captured, were put with himself into the rear compartment of the car and taken to Ballast point, a few miles west of Tampa, on Hillsborough bay. Four other members of Resistencia union had previously been taken through the woods in a wagon to the same place where a tug with steam up awaited them.

Several of the guards on the car, the men say, are prominent citizens of Tampa and well known to them.

Dragged on a Tug.

After a brief conference at Ballast Point, the 13 men were dragged aboard the tug and the start was made amid derisive farewells from the abductors on the dock. The tug headed for the schooner Marie Cooper, which was riding at anchor in the stream with all sails set. The men were transferred to the schooner under a heavy guard. This was on Tuesday night, August 6.

A stiff breeze soon carried them down the bay and out to sea.

As day followed day in dull monotony without any indications that a landing was contemplated, the kidnaped men, who had been kept in ignorance not only of their fate, but of their probable destination, became uneasy and requested to know where they were being taken. They were told they would be landed on English soil, far enough away to prevent a return to the United States for a long time.

On the seventh day land was sighted, and the captives were informed that their destination had been reached. Nearer approach revealed a long, low stretch of sand beach without sign of human habitation. The men were landed at night, each one receiving $5.

Scant Supplies Left.

A box of soda crackers, two small hams, three cans of beef and about a gallon of water were placed on the beach. The boats then returned to the schooner which set sail and disappeared in the distance. For days they wandered along the beach, husbanding their meagre supplies, and without encountering a human being or sighting a sail. Their small stock of provisions finally gave out, the water supply was exhausted, their hands and faces were burned by the tropical sun and their feet blistered by long marches. They began to despair of ever reaching home, and had almost given up the fight, when they were discovered by an Indian. He brought aid, took them to the main land, and guided them to the plantation of a Mr. Bruno, where they were well received. Their immediate wants were supplied and they procured a small boat to take them to Truxillo.

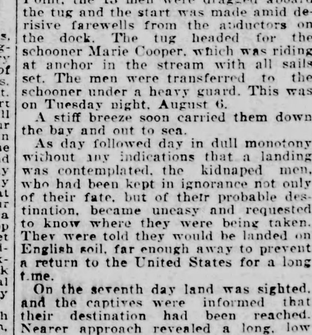
They were told by Mr. Bruno that from the description they gave of the island they had evidently been landed near the mouth of Plantain river.

At Truxillo they had the good fortune to meet two Cubans, formerly residents of Florida, and now engaged in fruit culture there, who supplied funds and hired a schooner to take them to Bonacco, where they were equally fortunate to find the schooner Gertrude seeking a cargo of fruit for this market. They chartered her and sailed for Key West.

MRS. THOBURN DEAD.

New York, Sept. 4.—S. L. Baldwin, recording secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church, yesterday received a cablegram from Lucknow, India, announcing the death there of Miss Isabella Thoburn, president of the college for women and girls at Lucknow.

The cablegram was dated September



ISABELLA THOBURN.

1, and was very brief. It merely announced that Miss Thoburn had died of cholera.

Miss Thoburn was a sister of Bishop J. M. Thoburn, who, with his wife, is now recuperating at Lake Bluff, Ill. He recently returned from India where he has labored for years as a missionary bishop.

Miss Thoburn was the first missionary sent out by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church. She went to India in 1869 and has been there practically continuously for the 32 years since.

THE TRANSPORT DELAYED AT GUAM

Washington, Sept. 10.—Acting Adjutant General Ward has received a cable message from General Chaffee at Manila, saying that the transport Kilpatrick, on her trip from San Francisco, has been delayed at Guam four days by unloading and had been subsequently delayed two days by head winds. General Chaffee says that it will be impossible to send the engineer companies to San Francisco on the Kilpatrick, which is scheduled to sail on September 15, but that they will be sent to the United States on the first transport arriving at Manila.

ALL DOUBTS ARE DISPELLED

Secretary Wilson Says President Will Be Signing Official Papers by Saturday Night.

New York, Sept. 10.—"The President will be signing official papers by Saturday night," said Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, to a Tribune correspondent last night at Buffalo. Secretary Wilson had just returned from the Milburn house, where he talked with the President's physicians, and later, at the Buffalo club, he conferred with Secretary Gage, Attorney General Knox and Postmaster General Smith.

"Of course," said Mr. Wilson, "no one expects that the President will be out of bed at that time, but he will be strong enough to write his name to official papers. The doctors do not feel like coming out bluntly, as a layman would, but they tell me there is no doubt about the President's speedy recovery. They do not expect any serious complications."

"Will the President's disability embarrass the government?" Mr. Wilson was asked.

"Not in the slightest," said the secretary. "Why, there's nothing important to do. The war complications are mostly over with and Secretary Root's department is looking after everything. Secretary Hay has a tight grip on everything in his department."

"Is there any good reason for apprehension in commercial circles on account of the President's condition?" Mr. Wilson was asked.

"Not now," said he. "Secretary Gage, who returns to Washington to-night, has so much gold that he does not know what to do with it. Now the business world ought to feel comfortable with the official bulletins from the President's doctors."

COLUMBIA CHOSEN.

Newport, R. I., Sept. 5.—The yacht Columbia, champion of 1899, has been chosen to race against the Shamrock II. in defence of the America's cup. This decision was reached to-day after a conference lasting two hours between the members of the challenge committee. All the committee were present. Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard presided.

The discussion was exhaustive. The performances of the two boats were gone over systematically and critically compared. The conclusion was that the behavior of the Columbia was far more consistent than that of the Constitution and that in the circumstances there was no alternative but to name her as the defender of the cup. It was held that while the decision might be disappointing to the syndicate which owns the Constitution, the committee were compelled to choose the Columbia, whose races have shown none of the erratic form manifested by her rival.

The formal notice announcing the selection of the Columbia was posted at the yacht club station shortly after 12 o'clock. It read as follows:

"At a meeting of the committee on challenge of the Royal Ulster Yacht club, held on the flagship at 11:30 a. m., the Columbia was selected to represent the New York Yacht club.

"J. V. S. ODDIE, Secretary."

STATES WILL PASS LAWS AGAINST ANARCHY

Indianapolis, Sept. 10.—A strong sentiment in favor of enacting a state law for the suppression and punishment of anarchists is being formed among prominent men of this state and it is probable that a bill with that end in view will be introduced at the next session of the legislature.

"I am decidedly in favor of legislation for the suppression of anarchy in Indiana and in every other state in the union. Seditious utterances are treasonably antagonistic to the fundamental principles of republican form of government and seditious acts must be treated as no longer tolerable," said Governor Durbin.

Attorney General Taylor is giving the matter consideration and he is of the opinion that such a law can and may be passed in Indiana at the next session of the legislature.

DESERTER CAUGHT.

Manila, Sept. 5.—Lieut. Hazzard, of the Third cavalry, has brought in Arthur Howard, the American deserter, who was recently captured by the lieutenant while in command of some Macabebe scouts, in Leyte island, one of the Philippine group. Howard denies that he was ever an American soldier. He claims he was born in Spain, that his father was English and his mother Spanish, but that he espoused the cause of the Filipinos. In 1896, after peace was declared, he says he went to Hong Kong and returned in 1898 as Aguinaldo's chief of artillery. While in that position Howard also says he made friends with many Americans, before the insurrection, including Gen. Green. He cast his lot with Aguinaldo at the time of the rupture with the Americans and he says that he brought in 16 American prisoners, under a flag of truce, at Tugeles, in September, 1899. Howard denies that he commanded the force at San Mateo, which killed Gen. Lawton. He speaks like an educated Englishman. Lieut. Hazzard says he himself, saw Howard at Angeles in 1899. Two former California volunteers to-day identified Howard as a deserter from their regiment, named Walley, of Company "A," who deserted in 1899.

ANXIOUS IN MANILA.

Manila, Sept. 9.—Genuine anxiety is felt by everybody here regarding the condition of President McKinley. The first news of the attempted assassination of the President was received through The Associated Press.

FIRE IN FOO CHOW.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 9.—The steamer Tartar of the Canadian Pacific fleet, has arrived from the Orient, with news of the burning of the business portion of the city of Foo Chow, China, on August 2nd. Over one million dollars' damage was done, and many people are said to have been killed in fighting over the loot.

The fire was caused by the overturning of a lamp in a native undertaking establishment. Hundreds of acres of business houses were destroyed, and many people perished in the fire which burned the greater part of two days. European proprietors of business houses and larger Chinese merchants were the heaviest sufferers. During the progress of the fire and immediatel after it, the coolie native population commenced looting the half-burned buildings. The Chinese police, under their European officers, were unable to prevent the looting, except in a small degree, and before the second evening had passed, a large number of regular soldiers were called out.

At that time many people had been killed in fights, and there were dead bodies in every street.

Five were killed by the falling of a three-story building. The carnage on the streets was awful. The soldiers dashed up the main thoroughfares stabbing to death or trampling under horses' feet the robbers who were carrying away goods, in every direction.

A LOST MOUNTAIN.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 9.—The steamer Tartar brings news that a mountain in Northern Japan disappeared after an earthquake last month. It stood in the centre of a plain in Igusa district, rose over 500 feet in height and covered forty acres at the outskirts of the village of Kolwayama.

On August 16, a tremendous thundering noise was heard in the direction of this hill, and when the villagers assembled on the spot attracted by the mysterious sounds, they found that the mountain had disappeared. Instead of the hill they saw level ground. The strange discovery threw the villagers into great consternation.

A closer examination of the spot showed that the mountain had been bodily sunk into the ground, leaving its top on a level with the surrounding land. It is thought the phenomenon is the result of subterranean volcanic action.

The Markets.

WEEKLY TRADE REPORT.

New York, Sept. 7.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade today says:

A holiday reduced the volume of legitimate business, while speculative operations were seriously curtailed by the general closing of exchanges from Friday afternoon to Tuesday morning. In the movement of merchandise and in many manufacturing lines there has been an effort to make up the loss by working overtime but the week's record will fall behind those immediately preceding.

Actual sales of many iron and steel products are recorded at material advances and the tone throughout is hardened by vigorous demand.

Placing of sample orders for spring footwear is of such character to indicate a healthy market, and some jobbers are so anxious for early delivery that contracts are being closed now.

Despite more activity in the market for cotton goods, and placing of government contracts the staple shows no greater strength.

Although unsettled in tone, little alteration occurred in the principal cereals. Trading was restricted, and there was an apparent disinclination to assume an aggressive stand on either side of the market. Commercial failures during the month of August were 803 in number and $9,458,866 in amount of liabilities. Compared with the same month last year the statement is most unsatisfactory as failures there were only 735 in number and $7,323,903 in amount.

New York, Sept. 7.—Bradstreet's financial review to-day says:

As the stock exchange was closed Saturday last as well as on Monday, which was a legal holiday, Wall street had a short week. When business was resumed on Tuesday there was a decided chill in sentiment due to the fact that last week's bank statement was more unfavorable than had been anticipated. The loss of some $6,000,000 in reserves by the banks and the reduction of the surplus reserves to about $11,000,000 created more or less apprehension regarding the money market, which was increased by the reduction in the supply of time money and the hardening of call loan rates, which advanced to 3½@4 per cent. The idea found expression that if the experiences of two years ago were repeated, and the bank reserves were further depleted extraordinary firm rates for money might result.

Business was on large volume. Industrial disturbances are not cutting the figure they did earlier. Prices for the fourth successive month have advanced, and are now well up to the highest of the year. The steel strike is gradually nearing its end, despite its efforts to keep the trouble open.

GRAIN MARKETS

Toledo, Sept. 10.—Close: Cables were unchanged. The market opened a shade lower under pressure of heavy receipts in the northwest, the government report in August 2nd. Over one million dollars' damage was done, and many people are said to have been killed in fighting over the loot.

The fire was caused by the overturning of a lamp in a native undertaking establishment. Hundreds of acres of business houses were destroyed, and many people perished in the fire which burned the greater part of two days. European proprietors of business houses and larger Chinese merchants were the heaviest sufferers. During the progress of the fire and immediatel after it, the coolie native population commenced looting the half-burned buildings. The Chinese police, under their European officers, were unable to prevent the looting, except in a small degree, and before the second evening had passed, a large number of regular soldiers were called out.

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